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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

FALSE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

I met him yesterday down by the sea,
Stood for a moment with his hand on mine,
Heard once again his soft voice speak to me,
And the hot blood fired up my cheeks like wine—
In memory I went back to that sweet time,
When life was all divine!

Once, when I met him, through his deep, dark eyes
Shone out the brilliance of a tender glow—
Lighting his face as sunset lights the skies,
When its encrimsoned glories ebb and flow!
Last night his eyes were steel, so hard and dense—
His smiles were frozen snow!

We dwell apart—our paths are severed wide,
We hold no more those precious twilight talks,
When in love's perfectness, close, side by side,
We wandered down the labyrinthine walks
Of those old woods, where now the lonesome wind
In gloomy grandeur stalks!

Once I loved moonlight—loved these still, Fall nights,
When radiant amber filled the atmosphere—
When the arched sky burned red with Northern Lights,
And earth seemed listening with a half fledged fear!—
I loved all things, because I worshipped him—
And he was always near.

Now I shut out all pleasant sights, and close
With firm, cold hands my curtains 'gainst the stars,
And bar my windows, lest my stern repose
Be stirred by sounds of love songs and guitars;
Would that I had the power to close my heart
With treble bolts and bars!

I know him false! I scorn him!—so I say;
I would not look upon his face again!
With me, all love and trust have had their day,
I've done with sweet young faith and hope!—
but then,
He whom a woman once has loved, can never be
To her, like other men!

WHY SALT IS HEALTHFUL.—From time immemorial it has been known that without salt men would miserably perish; and among horrible punishments, entailing certain death, that of feeding culprits on saltless food, is said to have prevailed in barbarous times. Maggots and corruption are spoken of by ancient writers as the distressing symptoms which saltless food engenders; but no ancient or unchemical modern could explain how such sufferings arose. Now we know why the animal craves salt; why its suffers discomfort, and why it ultimately falls into disease if salt is for a time withheld. Upwards of half the saline matter of the blood (57 per cent.) consists of common salt; and as this is partly discharged every day through the skin and kidneys, the necessity of continued supplies of it to the healthy body, becomes sufficiently obvious. The bile also contains soda as a special and indispensable constituent, and so do all the cartillages of the body. Stint the supply of salt, therefore, and neither will the bile be able properly to assist the digestion, nor the cartillages to be built up again as far as they naturally waste.—*Professor Johnson.*

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,
AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "A LIFE'S SECRET," ETC.

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CHAPTER XXI.

NEWS FROM AUSTRALIA.

Lionel Verner could scarcely believe in his own identity. The train, which was to have contained him, was whirling towards London, he, a poor aspirant for future fortune, ought to have been in it; he had counted most certainly to be in it; but here was he, while the steam of that train yet snorted in his ears, walking out of the station a wealthy man, come into a proud inheritance, the inheritance of his fathers. In the first moment of tumultuous thought, Lionel almost felt as if some fairy must have been at work with a magic wand.

It was all true. He linked his arm within Jan's, and listened to the recital in detail.—Jan had found Mrs. Verner, on his arrival at Verner's Pride, weeping over letters from Australia: one from a Captain Cannonby, one from Sibylla. They contained the tidings that Frederick Massingbird had died of fever, that Sibylla was anxious to come home again.

"Who is Captain Cannonby?" asked Lionel of Jan.

"Have you forgotten the name?" returned Jan. "That friend of Fred Massingbird's, who sold out, and was knocking about London: Fred went up once or twice to see him. He went out to the diggings last autumn, and it seems Fred and Sibylla lighted on him at Melbourne. He had laid poor Fred in the grave the day before he wrote, he says."

"I can scarcely believe it all now, Jan," said Lionel. "What a change!"

"Ay. You won't believe it for a day or two. I say, Lionel, Uncle Stephen need not have left Verner's Pride to the Massingbirds—they have not lived to enjoy it. Neither need there have been all that bother about the codicil. I know what."

"What?" asked Lionel, looking at him: for Jan spoke significantly.

"That Madam Sibylla would give her two ears now, to have married you, instead of Fred Massingbird."

Lionel's face flushed, and he replied, coldly, hauteur in his tone.

"Nonsense, Jan! you are speaking most unwarrantably. When Sibylla chose Fred Massingbird, I was the heir to Verner's Pride."

"*I* know," said Jan. "Verner's Pride would be a great temptation to Sibylla; and I can but think she knew it was left to Fred when she married him."

Lionel did not condescend to retort. He would as soon believe himself capable of bowing down before the god of gold, in a mean spirit, as believe Sibylla capable of it. Indeed, though he was wont to charm himself with the flattering notion that his love for Sibylla had died out, or near upon it, he was very far off the point when he could think any ill of Sibylla.

"My patients will be foaming," remarked Jan, who continued his way to Verner's Pride with Lionel. "They will conclude I have gone off with Dr. West: and I have his list on my hands now, as well as my own. I say, Lionel, when I told you the letters from Australia were in, how little we guessed they would contain this news."

"Little, indeed!" said Lionel.

"I suppose you won't go to London now?"

"I suppose not," was the reply of Lionel. And a rush of gladness illumined his heart as he spoke it. No more toil over those dry old law books! The study had never been to his taste.

The servants were gathered in the hall when Lionel and Jan entered it. Decorously sorry, of course, for the tidings which had arrived, but unable to conceal the inward satisfaction which peeped out: not satisfaction at the death of Fred, but at the accession of Lionel. It is curious to observe how jealous the old retainers of a family are, upon all points which touch the honor or the well-being of the house.

Fred Massingbird was an alien; Lionel was a Verner; and now, as Lionel entered, they formed into a double line that he might pass between them, their master from henceforth.

Mrs. Verner was in the old place, the study. Jan had seen her in bed that morning; but, since then, she had risen. Early as the hour yet was, recent as the sad news had been, Mrs. Verner had dropped asleep. She sat nodding in her chair, snoring heavily, breathing painfully, her neck and face all one color—carmine red. That she looked—as Jan had observed—a very apoplectic subject, struck Lionel most particularly on this morning.

"Why don't you bleed her, Jan?" he whispered.

"She won't be bled," responded Jan. "She won't take physic; she won't do anything that she ought to do. You may as well talk to a post. She'll do nothing but eat and drink, and fall asleep afterwards; and then wake up to eat and drink, and fall asleep again.—"Mrs. Verner,"—exalting his voice—"here's Lionel."

Mrs. Verner partially woke up. Her eyes opened sufficiently to observe Jan; and her mind apparently grew awake to a confused remembrance of facts.

"He's gone to London," said she to Jan.—"You won't catch him:" and then she nodded again.

"I did catch him," shouted Jan. "Lionel's here."

Lionel sat down by her, and she woke up pretty fully.

"I am grieved at this news for your sake, Mrs. Verner," he said, in a kind tone, as he took her hand. "I am sorry for Frederick."

"Both my boys gone before me, Lionel!" she cried, melting into tears. "John first; Fred next. Why did they go out there to die?"

"It is indeed sad for you," replied Lionel. "Jan says Fred died of fever."

"He has died of fever. Don't you remember when Sibylla wrote, she said he was ill with fever? He never got well. He never got well! I take it that it must have been a sort of intermittent fever—pretty well one day, down ill the next—for he had started for the place where John died—I forget its name, but you'll find it written there. Only a few hours after quitting Melbourne, he grew worse and died."

"Was he alone?" asked Lionel.

"Captain Cannonby was with him. They were going together up to—I forget, I say, the name of the place—where John died, you know. It was nine or ten days' distance from Melbourne, and they had travelled but a day of it. And I suppose," added Mrs. Verner, with tears in her eyes, "that he'd be put into the ground like a dog!"

Lionel, on this score, could give no consolation. He knew not whether the fact might be so, or not. Jan hoisted himself on to the top of a high bureau, and sat in comfort.

"He'd be buried like a dog," repeated Mrs. Verner. "What do they know about parsons and consecrated ground out there? Cannonby buried him, he says, and then he went back to Melbourne to carry the tidings to Sibylla."

"Sibylla? was Sibylla not with him when he died?" exclaimed Lionel.

"It seems not. It's sure not, in fact, by the letters. You can read them, Lionel. There's one from her and one from Captain Cannonby."

"It's not likely they'd drag Sibylla up to the diggings," interposed Jan.

"And yet—almost as unlikely that her husband would leave her alone in such a place as Melbourne appears to be," dissented Lionel.

"She was not left alone," said Mrs. Verner. "If you'd read the letters, Lionel, you would see. She stayed in Melbourne with a family—friends, I think she says, of Captain Cannonby's. She has written for money to be sent out to her by the first ship, that she may pay her passage home again."

This item of intelligence astonished Lionel more than any other.

"Written for money to be sent out for her passage home!" he reiterated. "*Has* she no money?"

Mrs. Verner looked at him.

"They accuse me of forgetting things in my sleep, Lionel; but I think you must be getting worse than I am. Poor Fred told us in his last letter that he had been robbed of his desk, and that it had got his money in it."

"But I did not suppose it contained all—that they were reduced so low as for his wife to have no money left for a passage. What will she do there, until some can be got out?"

"If she is with comfortable folks, they'd not turn her out," cried Jan.

Lionel took up the letters, and ran his eyes over them. They told him little else of the facts; though more of the details. It appeared to have taken place pretty much as Mrs. Verner said. The closing part of Sibylla's letter ran as follows:

"After we wrote to you, Fred met Captain Cannonby. You must remember, dear aunt, how often Fred would speak of him. Captain Cannonby has relatives out here, people in very good position—if people can be said to be in a position at all in such a horrid place. We knew Captain Cannonby had come over, but thought he was at the Bendigo diggings. However, Fred met him; and he was very civil and obliging. He got us apartments in the best hotel—one of the very places that had refused us, saying they were crowded. Fred seemed to grow a little better, and it was decided that they should go to the place where John died, and try and get particulars about his money, &c., which in Melbourne we could hear nothing of. Indeed, nobody seemed to know even John's name. Captain Cannonby (who has really made money here in some way; trading, he says; and expects to make a good deal more) agreed to go with Fred. Then Fred told me of the loss of his desk and money, his bills of credit, and that; whatever the term may be. It was stolen from the quay, the day we arrived, and he had never been able to hear of it; but, while there seemed a chance of finding it, he would not let me know the ill news. Of course, with this loss upon us, there was all the more necessity for our getting John's money as speedily as might be. Captain Cannonby introduced me to his relatives, the Eyres, told them my husband wanted to go up the country for a short while, and they invited me to stay with them. And here I am, and very kind they are to me in this dreadful trouble.

"Aunt Verner, I thought I should have died when, a day or two after they started, I saw Captain Cannonby come back alone, with a long sorrowful face. I seemed to know in a moment what had happened: I had thought at the time they started, that Fred was too ill to go. I said to him, 'my husband is dead!' and he confessed that it was so. He had been taken ill at the end of the first day, and did not live many hours.

"I can't tell you any more, dear Aunt Verner; I am too sick and ill. And if I filled ten sheets with the particulars, it would not alter the dreadful facts. I want to come home to *you*; I know you will receive me, and let me live with you always. I have not any money. Please send me out sufficient to bring me home by the first ship that sails. I don't care for any of the things we brought out; they may stop here or be lost in the sea, for all the difference it will make to me; I only want to come home. Captain Cannonby says he will take upon himself now to look after John's money, and transmit it to us, if he can get it.

"Mrs. Eyre has just come in. She desires me to say that they are taking every care of me, and are all happy to have me with them; she says I am to tell you that her own daughters are about my age. It is all true, dear aunt, and they are exceedingly kind to me. They seem to have plenty of money, are intimate with the Governor's family, and with what they call the good society of the colony. When I think what my position would have been now, had I not met with them, I grow quite frightened.

"I have to write to papa, and must close this. I have requested Captain Cannonby to write to you himself, and give you particulars about the last moments of Frederick. Send me the money without delay, dear aunt. The place is hateful to me now he is gone, and I'd rather be dead than stop in it.

"Your affectionate and afflicted niece,
"SIBYLLA MASSINGBIRD."

Lionel folded the letter musingly.

"It would almost appear that they had not heard of your son's accession to Verner's Pride," he remarked to Mrs. Verner. "It is not alluded to, in any way."

"I think it is sure they had not heard of it," she answered. "I remarked so to Mary Tynn. The letters must have been delayed in their passage. Lionel, you will see to the sending out of the money for me."

"Immediately," replied Lionel.

"And when do you come home?"

"Do you mean—do you mean when do I come here?" returned Lionel.

"To be sure I mean it. It is your home. Verner's Pride is your home, Lionel, now; not mine. It has been yours this three or four months past, only we did not know it. You must come home to it at once, Lionel."

"I suppose it will be right that I should do so," he answered.

"And I shall be thankful," said Mrs. Verner. "There will be a master once more, and no need to bother me. I have been bothered, Lionel. Mr. Jan"—turning to the bureau—"it's that which has made me feel ill. One comes to me with some worry or other, and another comes to me; they *will* come to me. The complaints and tales of that Roy fidget my life out."

"I shall discharge Roy at once, Mrs. Verner."

Mrs. Verner made a deprecatory movement of the hands, as much as to say that it was no business of hers.

"Lionel, I have only one request to make of you; never speak of the estate to me again, or of anything connected with its management. You are its sole master, and can do as you please. Shall you turn me out?"

Lionel's face flushed.

"No, Mrs. Verner," he almost passionately answered. "You could not think so."

"You have the right. Had Fred come home, he would have had the right. But I'd hardly reconcile myself to any other house now."

"It is a right which I should never exercise," said Lionel.

"I shall mostly keep my room," resumed Mrs. Verner. "Perhaps wholly keep it; and Mary Tynn will wait upon me. The servants will be yours, Lionel. In fact, they are yours; not mine. What a blessing! to know that I may be at peace from henceforth; that the care will be upon another's shoulders! My poor Fred! My dear sons! I little thought I was taking leave of them both for the last time."

Jan jumped off his bureau. Now that the brunt of the surprise was over, and plans began to be discussed, Jan bethought himself of his impatient sick list, who were doubtlessly wondering at the non-appearance of their doctor. Lionel rose to depart with him.

"But you should not go," said Mrs. Verner. "In five minutes I vacate this study; resign it to you. This change will give you plenty to do, Lionel."

"I know it will, dear Mrs. Verner. I shall be back soon; but I must go and acquaint my mother."

"You will promise not to go away again, Lionel. It is your lawful home, remember."

"I shall not go away again," was Lionel's answer. And Mrs. Verner breathed freely. To be emancipated from what she had regarded as the great worry of life, was felt to be a relief. Now she could eat and sleep all day, and never need be asked a single question, or hear whether the outside world had stopped, or was going on still.

"You will just pen a few words for me to Sibylla, Lionel," she called out. "I am past much writing now."

"If it be necessary I should," he coldly replied.

"And send them with the remittance," concluded Mrs. Verner. "You will know how much to send. Tell Sibylla that Verner's Pride is no longer mine, and I cannot invite her to it. It would hardly be the—the thing for a young girl, and she's little better, to be living here with you all day long, and I always shut up in my room. Would it, Lionel?"

Lionel somewhat haughtily shrugged his shoulders.

"Scarcely," he answered.

"She must go to her sisters, of course. Poor girl! what a thing it seems, to have to return to her old house again!"

Jan put in his head.

"I thought you said you were coming, Lionel?"

"So I am; this instant." And they departed together; encountering Mr. Bitterworth in the road.

He grasped hold of Lionel in much excitement.

"Is it true—what people are saying? That you have come into Verner's Pride?"

RACE BETWEEN WARD AND HAMILL FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE AMERICAN WATERS.

The above, engraved expressly for THE POST from the *Illustrated News*, represents the recent race on the Schuylkill river between Ward of Newburg, New York, and Hamill of Pittsburg, Pa. The *Illustrated News* says:—

"Of all our many boat-rowers, or, as they are technically known, our boat *scullers*, Joshua Ward, of Newburg, has been hitherto considered the champion. The perfect ease with which he was beaten in his late match would seem to show that he has held the enviable position of 'Champion' by default rather than otherwise. Hamill, of Pittsburg, a comparatively unknown man, beat Ward with as much ease as an able-bodied man would throw a peach pit over a low fence. In fact, the defeat was so utterly disgraceful to us, as New Yorkers, that we have no stomach to say much. We freely, willingly, and gracefully admit the superiority of Hamill to the man we have hitherto considered our best rower. We congratulate our Western friends on their possession of a man so modest and so able. He has won his honors fairly, and we congratulate him.

"But, Pittsburg gentlemen, please pity us in our great mistake, we have hitherto thought Ward our great rowing man—we have based our hopes on Ward, we have bet our money on Ward—we are now, however, convinced, not only that Hamill is a much better man than Ward, but that Ward is by no means the best man we can produce. We have no desire to disparage Hamill, for we concede his ability, and applaud his victory, and admire his demeanor, but we have been so completely fooled in other regards as to our leaders, that we may perhaps be excused for believing in Ward.

"Our artist has given a view of the scene on the river, with the position of the boats previous to passing the winning-point, the stakeboat."

"Quite true," replied Lionel. And he gave Mr. Bitterworth a summary of the facts.

"Now look there!" cried Mr. Bitterworth, who was evidently deeply impressed; "it's of no use to try to go against honest right: sooner or later it will triumph. In your case, it has come wonderfully soon. I told my old friend that the Massingbirds had no claim to Verner's Pride; that if they were exalted to it, over your head, it would not prosper them. Not, poor fellows, that I thought of their death. May you remain in undisturbed possession of it, Lionel! May your children succeed to it after you!"

Lionel and Jan continued their road. But they soon parted company, for Jan turned off to his patients. Lionel made the best of his way to Deerham Court. In the room he entered, steadily practising, was Lucy Tempest, alone. She turned her head to see who it was, and at the sight of Lionel started up in alarm.

"What is it? Why are you back?" she exclaimed. "Has the train broken down?"

Lionel smiled at her vehemence; at her crimsoned countenance; at her unbounded astonishment altogether.

"The train has not broken down, I trust, Lucy. I did not go with it. Do you know where my mother is?"

"She is gone out with Decima."

He felt a temporary disappointment: the news, he was aware, would be so deeply welcome to Lady Verner. Lucy stood regarding him, waiting the solution of the mystery.

"What should you say, Lucy, if I tell you, Deerham is not going to get rid of me at all?"

"I do not understand you," replied Lucy, coloring with surprise and emotion. "Do you mean that you are going to remain here?"

"Not here—in this house. That would be a calamity for you."

Lucy looked as if it would be anything but a calamity.

"You are as bad as our French mistress at the rectory," she said. "She would never tell us anything: she used to make us guess."

Her words were interrupted by the breaking out of the church bells; a loud peal, telling of joy. A misgiving crossed Lionel that the news had got wind, and that some officious person had been setting on the bells to ring for him, because of his succession. The exceeding bad taste of the proceeding—should it prove so—called a flush of anger to his brow. His inheritance had cost Mrs. Verner her son.

The suspicion was confirmed. One of the servants, who had been to the village came running in at this juncture with open mouth, calling out that Mr. Lionel had come into his own, and that the bells were ringing for it. Lucy Tempest heard the words, and turned to Lionel.

"It is so, Lucy," he said, answering the look. "Verner's Pride is at last mine. But—"

She grew strangely excited. Lionel could see her heart beat—could see the tears of emotion gather in her eyes.

"I am so glad!" she said, in a low, heartfelt tone. "I thought it would be so, sometime. Have you found the codicil?"

"Hush, Lucy! Before you express your gladness, you must learn that sad circumstances are mixed with it. The codicil has not been found: but Frederick Massingbird has died."

Lucy shook her head.

"He had no right to Verner's Pride, and I did not like him. I am sorry, though, for himself, that he is dead. And—Lionel—you will never go away now?"

"I suppose not: to live."

"I am so glad! I may tell you that I am glad, may I not?"

She half timidly held out her hand as she spoke. Lionel took it between both of his, toying with it as tenderly as he had ever toyed with Sibylla's. And his low voice took a tone which was certainly not that of hatred, as he bent towards her.

"I am glad also, Lucy. The least pleasant part of my recent projected departure was the constantly remembered fact that I was about to put a distance of many miles between myself and you. It grew all too palpable towards the last."

Lucy laughed and drew away her hand, her radiant countenance falling before the gaze of Lionel.

"So you will be troubled with me yet, you see, Miss Lucy," he added in a lighter tone, as he left her and strode off with a step that might have matched Jan's, on his way to ask the bells whether they were not ashamed of themselves.

CHAPTER XXII.

"IT'S APPLEPLEXY."

And so the laws of right and justice had eventually triumphed, and Lionel Verner took possession of his own. Mrs. Verner took possession of her own—her chamber; all she was ever again likely to take possession of at Verner's Pride. She had no particular ailment, unless heaviness could be called an ailment, and steadily refused any suggestion of Jan's.

"You'll go off in a fit," said plain Jan to her.

"Then I must go," replied Mrs. Verner. "I can't submit to be made wretched with your medical and surgical remedies, Mr. Jan. Old people should be let alone, to doze away their days in peace."

"As good give some old people poison outright, as let them always doze," remonstrated Jan.

"You'd like me to live sparingly—to starve myself, in short—and you'd like me to take exercise!" returned Mrs. Verner. "Wouldn't you, now?"

"It would add ten years to your life," said Jan.

"I daresay! It's of no use your coming preaching to me, Mr. Jan. Go and try your eloquence upon others. I always have had enough to eat, and I hope I always shall. And as to my getting about, or walking, I can't. When folks come to be my size, it's cruel to want them to do it."

Mrs. Verner was nodding before she had well spoken the last words, and Jan said no more. You may have met with some such case in your own experience.

When the news of Lionel Verner's succession fell upon Roy, the bailiff, he could have gnashed his teeth in very vexation. Had he foreseen what was to happen he would have played his cards so differently. It had not entered into the head-piece of Roy, to reflect that Frederick Massingbird might die.—Scarcely, had it, that he *could* die. A man, young and strong, what was likely to take off him? John had died, it was true; but John's death had been a violent one. Had Roy argued the point at all—which he did not, for it had never occurred to his mind—he might have assumed that because John had died, Fred was the more likely to live. It is a somewhat rare case for two brothers to be cut down in their youth and prime, one closely following upon the other.

Roy lived in a cottage standing by itself, a little beyond Clay Lane, but not so far off as the gamekeeper's. On the morning when the bells had rung out—to the surprise and vexation of Lionel—Roy happened to be at home. Roy never grudged himself holiday when it could be devoted to the benefit of his wife. A negative benefit she may have thought it, since it invariably consisted in what Roy called "a blowing of her up."

Mrs. Roy had heard that the Australian mail was in. But the postman had not been to their door, therefore no letter could have arrived for them from Luke. A great many mails, as it appeared to Mrs. Roy, had come in with the like result. That Luke had been murdered, as his master John Massingbird had been before him, was the least she feared. Her fears and troubles touching Luke, were great; they were never at rest; and her tears fell frequently. All of which excited the ire of Roy.

She sat in a rocking-chair in the kitchen—a chair which had been new when the absent Luke was a baby, and which was sure to be the seat chosen by Mrs. Roy since, when she was in a mood to indulge any passing tribulation. The kitchen opened to the road, as the kitchens of many of the dwellings did open to it; a parlor was on the right, which was used only on the grand occasion of receiving visitors; and the stairs, leading to two rooms above, ascended from the kitchen. Here she sat, silently wiping away her dropping tears with a red cotton pocket-handkerchief. Roy was not in the sweetest possible temper himself that morning, so of course he turned it upon her.

"There you be, a snivelling as usual! I'd have a bucket always at my feet, if I was you. It might save the trouble of catching rain water."

"If the letter-man had got anything for us, he'd have been round here a hour ago," responded Mrs. Roy, bursting into unrestrained sobs.

"Now this happened to be the very grievance that was affecting the gentleman's temper—the postman's not having gone there. They had heard that the Australian mail was in. Not that he was actuated by any strong paternal feelings—such sentiments did not prey upon Mr. Roy. The hearing or the not hearing from his son would not thus have disturbed his equanimity. He took it for granted that Luke was alive somewhere—probably getting on—and was content to wait until himself or a letter should turn up. The one whom he had been expecting to hear from, was his new master, Mr. Massingbird. He had fondly indulged the hope that credential letters would arrive for him, confirming him in his place of manager; he believed that this mail would inevitably bring them, as the last mails had not. Hence he had stayed at home to receive the postman. But the postman had not come, and it gave Roy a pain in his temper.

"They be a-coming back, that's what it is," was the conclusion he arrived at, when his disappointment had a little subsided. "Perhaps they may have come by this very ship! I wonder if it brings folks, as well as letters?"

"I know he must be dead!" sobbed Mrs. Roy.

"He's dead as much as you be," retorted Roy. "He's a-making his fortune, and he'll come home after it—that's what Luke's a-doing. For all you know he may be come, too."

The words appeared to startle Mrs. Roy; she looked up, and he saw that her face had gone white with terror.

"Why! what *does* ail you?" cried he, in wonder. "Be you took crazy?"

"I don't want him to come home," she replied, in an awe-struck whisper. "Roy, I don't want him to."

"You don't want to be anything but a idiot," returned Roy, with supreme contempt.

"But I'd like to hear from him," she wailed, swaying herself to and fro. "I'm always a-dreaming of it."

"You'll just dream a bit about getting the dinner ready," commanded Roy, morosely; "that's wust you'll dream about now. I said I'd have hiled pork and turnips, and nicely you be a-getting on with it. Hark ye! I'm a-going now, but I shall be in at twelve, and if it ain't ready, mind your skin!"

He swung open the kitchen door just in time to hear the church bells burst out with a loud and joyous peal. It surprised Roy. In quiet Deerham such sounds were not very frequent.

"What's up now?" cried Roy, savagely. Not that the abstract fact of the bells ringing was of any moment to him, but he was in a mood to be angry with everything. "Here, you!" continued he, seizing hold of a boy who was running by, "what be them bells a clattering out for?"

Thus brought to summarily, the boy had no resource but to stop. It was a young gentleman whom you have had the pleasure of meeting before—Master Dan Duff. So fast had he been flying, that a moment or two elapsed ere he could get breath to speak.

The delay did not tend to soothe his capturer; and he administered a slight shake.

"Can't you speak, Dan Duff? Don't you see who it is that's a-asking of you? What be them bells a working for?"

"Please, sir, it's for Mr. Lionel Verner."

The answer took Roy somewhat aback.—He knew—as everybody else knew—that Mr. Lionel Verner's departure from Deerham was fixed for that day; but to believe that the bells would ring out a peal of joy on that account was a staggerer even to Roy's ears. Dan Duff found himself treated to another shake, together with a sharp reprimand.

"So they be, a ringing for him!" panted he. "There ain't no call to shake my inside out of me for saying so. Mr. Lionel have got Verner's Pride at last, and he ain't a-going away at all, and the bells be a-ringing for it. Mother have sent me to tell the gamekeeper. She said he'd sure to give me a penny, if I was the first to tell him."

Roy let go the boy. His arms and his mouth alike dropped.

"Is that—that there codicil found?" gasped he.

Dan Duff shook his head.

"I dun know nothink about codinals," said he. "Mr. Fred Massingbird's dead. He can't keep Mr. Lionel out of his own any longer, and the bells is a-ringing for it."

Unrestrained now, he sped away. Roy was not altogether in a state to stop him. He had turned of a glowing heat, and was asking himself whether the news could be true. Mrs. Roy stepped forward, her tears arrested.

"Law, Roy, whatever shall you do?" spoke she, deprecatingly. "I said as you should have kept in with Mr. Lionel. You'll have to eat humble pie, for certain."

The humble pie would taste none the more palatable for his being reminded of it by his wife, and Roy drove her back with a shower of harsh words. He shut the door with a bang, and went out, a forlorn hope lighting him that the news might be false.

But the news, he found, was too true. Frederick Massingbird was really dead, and the true heir had come into his own.

Roy stood in much inward perturbation. The eating of humble pie—as Mrs. Roy had been kind enough to suggest—would not cost much to a man of his cringing nature; but he entertained a shrewd suspicion that no amount of humble pie would avail for him with Mr. Verner; that, in short, he should be discarded entirely.

While thus standing, the centre of a knot of gossipers, for the news had caused Deerham to collect in groups, the bells ceased as suddenly as they had begun, and Lionel Verner himself was observed coming from the direction of the church. Roy stood out from the rest, and, as a preliminary slice of the humble pie, took off his hat, and stood bare-headed while Lionel passed by.

It did not avail him. On the following day Roy found himself summoned to Verner's Pride. He went up, and was shown to the old business room—the study.

Ah! things were changed now; changed from what they had been; and Roy was feeling it to his heart's core. It was no longer the feeble invalid, Stephen Verner, who sat there; to whom all business was unwelcome, and who shunned as much of it as he could shun, leaving it to Roy: it was no longer the ignorant and easy Mrs. Verner, to whom (as she herself had once expressed it) Roy could represent white as black, and black as white: but he who reigned now was essentially master—master of himself, and of all who were dependant on him.

Roy felt it the moment he entered: felt it keenly. Lionel stood before a table covered with papers. He appeared to have risen from his chair and to be searching for something. He lifted his head when Roy appeared, quitted the table and stood looking at the man, his figure drawn to its full height. The exceeding nobility of the face and form struck even Roy.

But Lionel greeted him in a quiet, courteous tone: to meet any one, the poorest person on his estate otherwise than courteously, was next to an impossibility for Lionel Verner.

"Sit down, Roy," he said. "You are at no loss, I imagine, to guess what my business is with you."

Roy did not accept the offered seat. He stood in discomfiture, saying something to the effect that he'd change his mode of dealing with the men, would do all he could to give satisfaction to his master, Mr. Verner, if the latter would consent to continue him on.

"You must know yourself that I am not likely to do it," returned Lionel, briefly.—"But I do not wish to be harsh, Roy—I trust I never shall be harsh with any one—and if you choose to accept of work on the estate, you can do so."

"You'll not continue me in my post over the brickyard, sir—over the men generally?"

"No," replied Lionel. "Perhaps the less we go into those past matters the better. *I* have no objection to speak of them, Roy; but, if I do, you will hear some home truths that may not be palatable. You can have work if you wish for it; and good pay."

"As one of the men, sir?" asked Roy, a shade of grumbling in his tone.

"As one of the superior men."

Roy hesitated. The blow had fallen; but it was only what he feared.

"Might I ask as you'd give me a day to consider it over, sir?" he presently said.

"A dozen days if you choose. The work is always to be had: it will not run away. If you prefer to spend time deliberating upon the point, it is your affair, not mine."

"Thank ye, sir. Then I'll think it over.—It'll be hard lines, coming down to be a workman, where I've been, as may be said, a sort of master."

"Roy."

Roy turned back. He had been moving away.

"Yes, sir."

"I shall expect you to pay rent for your cottage now, if you remain in it. Mr. Verner, I believe, threw it into your post; made it part of your perquisites. Mrs. Verner has, no doubt, done the same. But that is at an end. I can show no more favor to you than I do to others."

"I'll think it over, sir," concluded Roy, his tone as sullen a one as he dared let appear. And he departed.

Before a week had elapsed, he came again to Verner's Pride, and said he would accept the work, and pay rent for the cottage; but he hoped Mr. Verner would name a fair rent.

"I should not name an unfair one, Roy," was the reply of Lionel. "You will pay the same that others pay, whose dwellings are the same size as yours. Mr. Verner's scale of rents was not high, but low; as you know; I shall not alter it."

A short period elapsed. One night Jan Verner, upon getting into bed, found he need not have taken the trouble, for the night-bell rang, and Jan had to get up again. He opened his side window and called out to know who was there. A boy came round from the surgery door into view, and Jan recognized him for the youngest son of his brother's gamekeeper, a youth of twelve. He said his mother was ill.

"What's the matter with her?" asked Jan.

"Please, sir, she's took bad in the stomach. She's a groaning awful. Father thinks she'll die."

Jan dressed himself and started off, carrying with him a dose of tincture of opium. When he arrived, however, he found the woman so violently sick and ill, that he suspected it did not arise simply from natural causes.

"What had she been eating?" inquired Jan.

"Some late mushrooms out of the fields."

"Ah, that's just it," said Jan. And he knew the woman had been poisoned. He took a leaf from his pocket-book, wrote a rapid word on it, and ordered the boy to carry it to the house, and give it to Mr. Cheese.

"Now, look you, Jack," said he. "If you want your mother to get well, you'll go there and back as fast as ever your legs can carry you. I can do little till you bring me what I have sent for. Go past the willow pool, and straight across to my house."

The boy looked aghast at the injunction.

"Past the willow pool!" echoed he. "I'd not go past there, sir, at night, for all the world."

"Why not?" questioned Jan.

"I'd see Rachel Frost's ghost, may be," returned Jack, his round eyes open with perplexity.

The conceit of seeing a ghost amused Jan beyond everything. He sat down on a high press that was in the kitchen, and grinned at the boy.

"What would the ghost do to you?" cried he.

Jack Broom could not say. All he knew was, that neither he, nor a good many more, had gone near that pond at night, since the report had arisen (which of course it did, simultaneously with the death) that Rachel's ghost was to be seen there.

"Wouldn't you go, to save your mother?" cried Jan.

"I'd—I'd not go to be made winner of the leg of mutton, atop of a greased pole," responded the boy, in mortal fright, lest Jan should send him.

"You are a nice son, Mr. Jack! A brave young man, truly!"

"Jim Hook, he was a going by the pond one night, and he seed it," cried the boy, earnestly. "It don't take two minutes longer to cut down Clay Lane, please, sir."

"Be off, then," said Jan, "and see how quick you can be. What has put such a thing in his head?" he presently asked of the gamekeeper, who was hard at work, preparing hot water.

"Little fools!" ejaculated the man. "I think the report first took its rise, sir, through Robin Frost's going to the pond of a moonlight night, and walking about on its brink."

"Robert Frost did!" cried Jan. "What did he do that for?"

"What indeed, sir! It did no good, as I told him, more than once, when I came upon him there. He has not been lately, I think. Folks get up a talk that Robin went there to meet his sister's spirit, and it put the youngsters into a fright."

Back came Mr. Jack in an incredibly short time. He could not have come much quicker, had he dashed right through the pool. Jan set himself to his work, and did not leave the woman till she was better. That was the best of Jan Verner. He paid every atom as much attention to the poor as he did to the rich. Jan never considered who or what his patients were, when he was attending on them; all his object was, to get them well.

His nearest way home lay past the pool, and he took it; he did not fear poor Rachel's ghost. It was a sharpish night, bright, somewhat of a frost. As Jan neared the pool he turned his head towards it and half stopped, gazing on its still waters. He had been away when the catastrophe happened; but the circumstances had been detailed to him.

"How it would startle Jack and a few of those timid ones," said he, aloud, "if some night—"

"Is that you, sir?"

Some persons, with nerves less serene than Jan's, might have started at the sudden interruption, there and then. Not so Jan. He turned round with composure, and saw Bennet, the footman from Verner's Pride. The man had come up hastily from behind the hedge.

"I have been to your house, sir, and they told me you were at the gamekeeper's, so I was hastening there. My mistress is taken ill, sir."

"Is it a fit?" cried Jan, remembering his fears and prognostications, with regard to Mrs. Verner.

"It's worse than that, sir; it's appleplexy. Leastways, sir, my master and Mrs. Tynn's afraid that it is. She looks like dead, sir, and there's froth on her mouth."

Jan waited for no more. He turned short round, and flew by the nearest path to Verner's Pride.

The evil had come. Apoplexy it indeed was, and all Jan's efforts to remedy it were of no avail.

"It was by the merest chance that I found it out, sir," Mrs. Tynn said to him. "I happened to wake up, sir, and I thought how quiet my mistress was lying; mostly she might be heard ever so far off when she was asleep. I got up, sir, and took the rushlight out of the shade, and looked at her. And then I saw what had happened, and went and called Mr. Lionel."

"Can you restore her, Jan?" whispered Lionel.

Jan made no reply. He had his own private opinion; but, whatever that may have been, he set himself to the task in right earnest.

She never rallied. She lived only till the dawn of the morning. Scarcely had the clock told eight, when the death-bell went booming over the village; the bell of that very church which had recently been so merry for the succession of Lionel. And when people came running from far and near to inquire for whom the passing bell was ringing out they hushed their voices and their footsteps when informed that it was for Mrs. Verner.

Verily, within the last year, death had made himself at home at Verner's Pride!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT'BER 13, 1862.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. R. G. Your article is respectfully declined.

Proposed Invasion of the North.

Following up their recent good-luck, the rebels are said to be looking forward to an invasion of the northern states.

Cincinnati is directly menaced, and Philadelphia and Pittsburg indirectly.

Cincinnati and Ohio seem to be fully aroused to their danger; and the brave and hardy sons of the Buckeye state are gathering from all quarters to guard their hitherto unsullied soil. Two ends should be sought to be attained—first, to prevent the crossing of the Ohio river; secondly, if this fails, to see that very few invaders cross back again.

Philadelphia is also bestirring herself. The citizens are called upon to meet in their respective wards, organize themselves into companies, and learn the duties of the soldier. This is very useful advice, and we trust it will be generally followed.

But let us suggest one or two facts. Philadelphia is not to be defended on the Schuylkill or even the Brandywine—she should be defended, firstly on the Potomac, and, if that line be forced, on the Susquehanna. And here comes the old difficulty.

When the citizens meet to organize companies, they perceive the fact that the line of the Potomac is the proper place to defend Philadelphia and Pennsylvania. Now if they join the Reserve Brigade or the Home Guard, they argue that they make themselves liable to be ordered off at any moment to the Potomac or the Susquehanna—to be kept there, it may be, for the next year.

They would be willing to form themselves into companies and to learn the drill—but they cannot, under the rules that have controlled matters heretofore, obtain any arms to drill with, unless they regularly enroll themselves in the service of the state.

If Philadelphia was to be defended at her outer limits, they would be willing to enrol themselves *en masse* for that—but they naturally hesitate at undertaking what may turn out to be a year's campaign in Maryland. They are able to see but little difference between this and enlisting outright; in fact the advantages, of bounty, of regular pay, and soldierly efficiency, are perhaps on the side of the latter.

Now would not the safety of the state be best secured, by pushing on the draft as speedily as possible. We suppose that a force of say 50,000 men will have to be drafted in Pennsylvania—these, in conjunction with those drafted in the states north of us, will naturally be sent for the defence of the Potomac. These forces, when raised, will be reliable and efficient—which organizations for merely temporary purposes are not very apt to be.

If, in addition to this, a reserve force be considered necessary for the defence of the state, let it also be regularly drafted and organized by the authority of the Legislature, to be called into active service when needed.

As to accustoming all the able-bodied population to the military drill, we fear it can only be done by force of law. It can be effected to a considerable extent, however, by supplying simple drill classes—or companies merely organized for drill purposes—with the proper arms, taking the receipt of responsible parties for the return of such arms in an uninjured condition whenever they are wanted. To attempt to drill men without muskets will necessarily prove a failure, like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet omitted. Even some simple uniform, such as a dark blue dress, with a military cap, adds greatly to the necessary *esprit de corps*.

One word in conclusion. Volunteering has received a slight shock in this city by the failure of the authorities in several cases to pay the enlisted men the bounties which they were promised, before the regiments left the city. Such failures create a distrust in the public mind which is not easily removed. Nothing is more important than that the promises made to those who volunteer should be sacredly kept, according to their fair and obvious meaning. You may ensnare men once by deceit, but they and their friends will doubt you ever afterwards.

GOOD GENERALS.

The great want of the Union seems now to be one or more good generals. This is a great want, and one not easily supplied. Troops can be got by a draft, but military genius cannot be peremptorily invoked in the same manner. If a man be not born a general in the first place, all the military instruction in the world cannot make him more than a second-rate man. Other nations have labored under the same difficulty that we are at present experiencing; and the *North American* gives the following summary of the rather rough mode pursued by Revolutionary France in a similar endeavor to find out the men for the hour:—

First class talent for the field is very rare. It is only in the wars of the French republic that we find the determined pursuit of it reduced to a system. When the French, after long continued and wearisome defeats, at length grew desperate, they resorted to expedients which seemed outrageous, but which in the end proved successful. They were all invented by civilians in the government at Paris, and we mention them now only as curiosities. First, they, although ignorant of the art of war, saw that their numerous armies were beaten in detail through the superior strategy of the enemy, and thence they ordered that the armies of the republic should move only in great bodies and attack *en masse*. The effect of this rude but wonderful decree was of course an immediate change for the better, as no opposing force could resist a furious onset made *en masse* by a great army. Second, they took to trying and punishing their generals for ill success. Some were banished, some imprisoned and some executed. This fearful pressure induced every general to fight for his life, and quickened his wits in the most remarkable style. Savage as was the device, it succeeded. Third. They ordered their generals to achieve fixed results by given times, and tried them for their lives if they failed. In this, too, they met with much success. It overcame the proverbial tardiness of generals. Fourth. They sent civil agents to accompany each army in the field, and see that the orders from Paris were promptly enforced. These agents were members of the government mostly; and although they did much damage by their intermeddling, in cases where bad agents were chosen, yet in others they accelerated good results, and on the whole kept such a watch on the generals as to compel them to be on the alert in all their movements.

We submit these facts for the consideration of the public. They were undoubtedly very severe and arbitrary. Nevertheless they regenerated the French military service, and brought glory to it in the midst of a long continued profusion of disasters. Something will undoubtedly have to be done to effect a change in our generals in the field.

The only method that it seems practicable for us to pursue, is to change off our old Generals as soon as they are found reasonably incompetent for new ones. As Albert Sidney Johnston said wisely but sorrowfully, "Success must necessarily be the only test of military merit." If a General does not succeed in what he undertakes, give his place to another who seems to promise well. It is not likely that we are destitute of the highest order of military ability—it is more probable that it is simply hidden somewhere, as Bonaparte himself was during the early days of the French Republic, when he was a simple Lieutenant of Engineers.

In the meantime we have nothing else to do than to fight on, with the stubborn pertinacity of the Northern blood. As Paul Jones said when his vessel was riddled with the enemy's balls, and he was asked whether he had surrendered, we must reply, "We have not yet begun to fight." If we fight on—merely sacrificing man for man—we are bound ultimately to triumph. And there is little doubt that if we are true to ourselves, to our Revolutionary renown, and to "the good old cause," we shall finally be able either to discern some man among us whom Providence has gifted with all the military qualities for this appalling crisis, or else to triumph without him.

A LEAK SOMEWHERE.

In Jeff. Davis's barbarous retaliatory order dated Richmond, August 21, he alluded to Gen. Hunter as "*recently* in command" in South Carolina. No one in the North at that time—outside of the official circles—knew that Gen. Hunter had been relieved at his own request of his command.

How then did Jeff. Davis find it out? And does he not find out other secrets in the same way? It is indeed possible that it may have been divulged at Hilton Head at an early day, and been communicated from there to the rebel ruler. But the matter should be inquired into.

THE ENROLLMENT.—We hope our citizens will take care to have the enrollment lists of this city corrected in respect to those who are already in the military service. It is not credible that about 20,000 companies all the men that Philadelphia has furnished. Including the recent enlistments she must have furnished certainly 30,000 men to Pennsylvania regiments.

THE SEA-SHORE.

Our city has not a few advantages, internal and external, to be thankful for, or to plume ourselves upon, according as our frame of mind may be; on that point no Philadelphian needs to have his or her conviction strengthened. Not the least on the list is the ten-year old railroad which has brought us into a connection with the ocean almost as close as if our situation was upon its borders.

True, the railroad trip itself is almost equal to the Mussulman's idea of the fearful passage of Al Sirat which the true believer must achieve before he can land in Paradise, so desolate and dreary is the ride through those wildernesses of stunted pines and scrub oaks; often, for miles together, standing stark and dead above their undergrowth of huckelberry bushes, "done to death," it is to be presumed, by sheer disgust at the lonesome and dreadful place where Fate has set them. But after this dreary region is passed over, and you come among the salt-marshes the first breath of the life-giving sea strikes through you and quickens your pulses; and though, as your narrow line of road thrids those watery meadows, you think of nothing so much as the shaky railroad which Hawthorne tells us has been built across the Slough of Despond where Bunyan's pilgrim once sank, for the convenience of modern travellers to the Celestial City, yet the last seven miles of your trip are pleasantly passed over.

For Atlantic City, let it stand on its own merits, waiving the forever-vexed question whether it or Cape May or Long Branch shall bear off the palm. Here is the sea, superb and unchangeable, though forever changing. That is the one thing, no matter where is located the shore you see it from. You gaze at the sea, you bathe in it, you taste it, you drink it in at every breath. You "daunder" along its shore, idly incapable of any mental exertion. So much the better for you, if you should happen to be a hard-worked editor, for instance. You have a book with you of course—American that you are!—but you do not read; you watch the waves tumble in, and count them, and make marks on the sand to see the next wash of the surf roll over and erase them. You sit or walk alone hour after hour, content with that companionship, your ears filled and satisfied with the changing swell of that grand diapason of the waters. Broken phrases of poetry drift up effortless into your memory, just as that bunch of sea weed or that tiny shell is tossed up by the lipping foam. "Multitudinous waves," "Crawling, hungry foam," "Multitudinous voices of the sea," "Hollow ocean ridges, roaring down in cataracts." You repeat the last over and over again, its descriptiveness is so entirely perfect. Alexander Smith's sea-pictures may recur to you, perhaps, such as

> "The sea
> Is toying with the shore, his wedded bride;
> And, in the fullness of his marriage joy,
> He decorates her tawny brow with shells,
> Retires a space to see how fair she is,
> Then proud, runs up to kiss her."

But that is merely fanciful;—a string of tinsel beads; it will not bear the test of the truth before you. Perhaps you are so fortunate as to capture some pearly little mollusc, whom you pore over for a long time, watching him "Oar with a fairy foot," or "Sit at his door in a rainbow frill"—worth an hour's notice.

So your days drift idly on, and health and strength breathe through you at every wind that blows or wave that flows upon you, till your holiday is over, and you return again to the routine of your city life, feeling yourself a different being.

But it is sad to think how many, many there are who will never know this refreshment, this delight, nor anything akin to it! When one sees the pale, stunted children that swarm in the squalid alleys of the crowded city,—see the poor little creatures trying a faint imitation of childish sports with such playthings as remind us of those of Hood's London Child, "A brick, two oyster shells and a dead kitten,"—one's heart aches with the desire to carry them up and bear them off, were it only for a day, to the sight, the presence of the great life-giving mother, the sea.

Could not some step be taken towards the realization of such a wish? Would not the establishment upon the sea-shore of a gratuitous summer boarding-house for poor children,—limiting their stay, if need be, to a certain number of days, in order to secure a succession of guests,—be a feasible charity? That it would be a very great charity, we have no doubt. Many a little life perishing in the fevered alleys of our city might be saved by it.

Summer is over now, and the fashionable guests have departed from their sea-side haunts. Will not some of them, in grateful memory of their own pleasures there, put forth a kindly hand to extend a mite of their blessings to those whose need is so sadly greater?

CAMP DENNISON, OHIO.

A lady friend residing in the 22nd ward of this city, sends us the following notice of the hospital at Camp Dennison, near Cincinnati, and of its admirable management. We insert with pleasure her grateful testimony to the kindness and hospitality of our Ohio brethren:—

In June last I visited Camp Dennison, near Cincinnati, to take charge of my son, who had been sent there from Pittsburg Landing, Tennessee, very ill with Typhoid Fever, and was surprised to find there a very large number of the sick and wounded, brought from the late battle-field, a portion of them being rebels, in every condition of health and suffering, but was more surprised to find the excellent accommodations for so large a number. The buildings were one storied, pleasant and airy, with every comfort and convenience for hospital uses, and great regard to cleanliness, divided into wards, with nurses and attendants throughout, and physicians who vied with each other in kind attention to the sick and their friends who visited them. The Post Surgeon, Dr. Hoge, was very attentive, and the Ward Physician, Dr. Gatch, who attended my son, and with whom I became more particularly acquainted, and who lived in the neighborhood, was so much interested in the health of my son, and the young man who came with him, that he had them removed to his sister's, as soon as they were able, where they were treated in the kindest possible manner, so that they improved rapidly, and were soon well enough to leave for home. All for the sake of the good Union cause; and this is a specimen of hospitality in Ohio.

At the hospital, visitors from the neighborhood constantly look after the suffering soldiers, supplying them with every article of diet and clothing, and various little things to make them as comfortable as possible.

I visited the ward containing the wounded rebels; they were treated like our own soldiers, but were generally very badly injured, and but few recovered; they acknowledged that they had been much deceived.

My desire in writing this, is to call attention to the fact of how much is doing, all over the loyal states, for the sake of the Government and of those who are suffering for it, and that we may be stimulated to do our share whenever we have the opportunity, especially as it now offers so near our own homes at GERMANTOWN.

There is believed to be no reliable foundation for the reported burning of Baton Rouge by our forces. Indeed, advices a week later from New Orleans make no mention of the same, and it is therefore undoubtedly false.

We are glad to see the above statement. Unless there is a clear military necessity for the burning of a town, it is sheer vandalism to do it, and opposed to all the modern rules of war. Because an army cannot hold a place, is not a good reason for destroying it.

—— Since penning the above, we have the true version in a later account, which says that "Baton Rouge, although evacuated by the main body of soldiers, is still in possession of a company of marines, under the protection of two gunboats. The city has not been destroyed. Only a few houses, about twenty in number, which intercepted the range of our fortifications on the interior, have been destroyed." Of course such destruction of houses, for a clear military purpose, is entirely proper.

GENERAL BUTLER ACCEPTS THE SERVICES OF A FREE NEGRO REGIMENT RAISED BY THE REBELS.—In a recent order General Butler accepts the services of a Free Negro Louisiana Regiment, raised by the rebels. In the order accepting it, General Butler quotes the orders of the rebel Governor of Louisiana, and of the rebel commander-in-chief in that state, authorizing the raising of the regiment for the rebel service.

These orders conclusively prove the readiness of the rebels to arm the negroes, to fight their battles. And yet Jeff. Davis has the assurance to denounce Gen. Hunter as a felon for doing the same thing on the side of the Union.

The last advices from New Orleans say:—

The First Louisiana Regiment, raised by General Butler, has been completed, and is now in camp at Carrollton. The second is progressing rapidly. The Free Negro Regiment is also in camp.

☞ We suppose that all our readers will know by the time this reaches them, that the Union army in Virginia is again the Army of the Potomac, with McClellan at its head, and occupying the old positions in front of Washington, and along the Potomac, of about a year ago. Pope, it is commonly thought, was thoroughly outgeneralled.

WHAT THE TROOPS THINK.—The wounded soldiers from the recent battle fields, now in the hospitals in this city, denounce McDowell most heartily, while praising Sigel, Banks, and others. The army of the Potomac also, as a whole, still has a high opinion of McClellan, who is again at its head.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AMERICA BEFORE EUROPE—PRINCIPLES AND INTERESTS. By COUNT AGENOR DE GASPARIN. Translated from advance sheets, by MARY L. BOOTH. Published by Charles Scribner, New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

If it be true, as Count de Gasparin assures us, that the sympathies of the world have been, are, and will be America's chief strength, then it behooves us, in noticing this work, to place before all its other merits its expression of a warm, hearty, and entire sympathy with the people of the United States in the struggle, the national crisis they are enduring, while the author stands forth as the defender of the American cause and policy against the misapprehensions and calumnies of their opposers in the Old World. The first two books,—"Europe and the American Crisis" and "England,"—are an expression of the well-known sentiments of the loyal people of our country in regard to the sympathy which we had expected from Europe, above all from England, in our time of trouble; stating the reasons on which we grounded that hope of sympathy, and why it should not have been withheld.

In Book Third, entitled "Errors credited in Europe," the two chapters headed "Slavery not really in Question" and "Secession a Right," are particularly admirable for their clear arrangement of facts, and the lucidity of the argument based upon them. In the latter chapter, the idea generally entertained in Europe of the overweening importance of State Rights in our Government, (which is persistently called "merely a Confederation,") is well considered. Our national life is shown as equally removed on the one hand from a loose and lifeless confederation of separate sovereignties, such as we see exampled in the Germanic States, and on the other, from an absolutely centralized government such as that which rules the departments in France. In this connexion, great stress is laid upon a fact which too often escapes the attention of historians and politicians, namely, the great and pregnant revolution which occurred in 1787, when the American Colonies which before that time had confined their confederation to certain Articles of Association by which they proclaimed "a firm league of friendship,"—a confederation which was a mere collocation of atoms, without unity, without life, without self-defensive powers,—consolidated themselves in one powerful and centralized government to which they ceded the right of war, the right of the negotiation of treaties, the making of tariffs, and the supreme judicial power; a "central power, in fine, whose attributes equal, and in some respects excel those of European governments."

As we pursue this subject, our wonder and admiration are renewed in the contemplation of this wonderfully balanced form of government which our fathers were, we believe, divinely led to frame and bequeath to us; this system deserving above all others to be called "the *body* politic!" for in nothing beneath the human frame is a like example to be found of an absolute centralized life-power reigning over the whole yet infringing on the individual life of none of the members, leaving full and sufficient liberty to all. It appears to us more and more as we study it, sufficient for all exigencies, absolute in its recuperative power.

True, a malignant disease may temporarily disturb the balance of forces. The blood may desert the extremities and rally to the centres of life in fever-throbs and pangs of anguish, but this is, indeed, the very struggle of life in combat with disease, and when the temporary evil is removed the energies that have gathered for the struggle with the disturbing element will again relapse into their normal channels, and the balance of life be restored.

We quote the appreciative words in which the author sums up his description of our form of Government:

"This was a novelty on earth. The most original feature, perhaps, in the *role* of the United States was that of having propounded and resolved the problem of founding a perfectly strong, perfectly united, perfectly national power, without sacrificing the independence of either State, Communes, or individuals. Among us, centralization is a Moloch to which new victims are offered up without ceasing; our modern Governments have been hitherto created only at the expense of the provinces, communes, and private consciences. The American solution is more liberal—it begins by ensuring the liberty of the individual, by absolutely denying any religious jurisdiction to the State; it next provides for the liberty of the Communes, by abandoning to them the complete administration of their interests; it maintains, in fine, the entire freedom of the States, by refusing to interfere in any wise with their private institutions. But, at the same time, it positively remits to the President, the Supreme Court and Congress, all that concerns the general affairs of the nation. Never was religious or administrative legislation more invalid, never was political centralization more complete."

M. de Gasparin is fully convinced that the South will finally be reclaimed, given anew to the nation, and to goodness and greatness never hitherto attained to; and on her behalf—assuming the success of the Federal arms as a thing inevitable—he invokes the generosity, the magnanimity, the self-denial of the North.

"No confiscations—no reprisals—no after-punishments. Let the glory of the United States be precisely that of not shedding a drop of blood on the scaffold after having poured out so much on the battle-field. Lay aside all plans of military colonization. Have faith in liberty."

Such is the earnest plea made in favor of the spirit of moderation, which, after ruling so long in our national councils as to half paralyze the arm which should strike firmly if at all, is now, perhaps, in danger of giving place to such a force of indignation as may carry us beyond the end we seek to attain.

But however we may dissent from certain of his opinions, few can read this work without a true esteem and affection for the author himself. Nor, we think, can anything but a good influence result on the whole from the perusal of this book, which we recommend heartily to our readers.

OUR ARMY'S POSITION.

The Washington Evening Star of the 5th says:—Last night telegrams and other information reached Washington saying that the rebels had crossed the Potomac in the course of the afternoon, at two points, one above and the other below the Point of Rocks. The telegrams said that the news was brought from the river side by the citizens (who declared that the rebels were crossing "in force") to points many miles back of the river, from whence the telegrams were sent hither.

We have to add that up to noon to-day we have been unable to learn that these accounts have been confirmed by the dispatches from the military officers detailed to the duty of closely observing the movements of the enemy on and about the river—such officers being stationed at every proper point on the river between Washington and Harper's Ferry. Until some of them may send such reports it can hardly be possible that any rebel demonstrations towards crossing the river in force have really been made, though it is very likely that marauding rebels have ventured over.

Large masses of our troops continue to be marched night and day to positions within striking distance on the river's fords, the delay of the rebels in making their expected effort having accorded the necessary time in which to make due preparation for their reception wherever they may appear in threatening numbers.

We trust it is not improper for us to mention that if a battle occurs in this region shortly, the rebels must meet more than twice as many disciplined troops as were managed to be massed against them under Generals Pope and Burnside, besides the very heavy force of new levies that have been arriving for three weeks past, by thousands daily.

In the course of last night a small body of rebel cavalry is said to have made a raid on the front, opposite Ball's Cross Roads, capturing twenty-five New York cavalry and a small train of wagons, the latter being retaken from them by a Federal scouting cavalry force ere they could run it off.

☞ "How charmingly those blinds of yours are painted!" remarked Incubus to his friend Succubus, who was furnishing a new and nupial abode. "They are," replied Succubus, with his blandest smile, "and you will be surprised, perhaps, when I tell you they are the work of a blind painter."

☞ In planning a new house, forget not to number the sun and breeze among your friends, free to come and go when they will.

STRANGE CELESTIAL PHENOMENA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MR. EDITOR:—Some of the papers have lately recorded strange celestial phenomena, such as the disappearance of some of the nebulæ from their accustomed and well-known position in the sky, the appearance of a flaming sword pointing towards the southwest, &c. I have now to record another witnessed by myself and many others last night from 8 till 10 o'clock, or later. It was the oscillation of several stars (or what appeared to be stars) of the first magnitude. We noticed three of them moving in an eccentric manner, sometimes up and down, sometimes in a sidelong and slanting direction towards the north and south. Their motion was quite evident to the naked eye, and at times extended to three or four degrees at a time, but always returning to their original position. I was told by some of the observers that the same phenomenon had been noticed every night for nearly a week. The motion of these stars (if such they are) appeared to our eyes a slow one, not faster than that of a clock weight when being wound up; but of course must have been performed with a rapidity which would have left the comet, who was gravely looking on all the while, far behind. I trust, Mr. Editor, that some of your scientific readers may have noticed this singular dance among the stars, and that they will favor us with some explanation of the phenomenon. Should it continue they will find one of these erratic bodies at a distance of twelve or fourteen degrees southwest of the last star in the tail of the Ursa major; another nearly in the zenith, and yet another to the northeast, near the horizon.

Before I conclude, I may mention another singular circumstance which I noticed some three weeks since whilst in the mountains (the Alleghanies). The well-known streaks in the sky known as the zodiacal light frequently visible at sunset, appeared fully developed in the east instead of the west; and this has occurred more than once. Is this an unusual occurrence, and how is it to be explained? Yours very truly, Y.

Hancock, Maryland, Aug. 28th, 1862.

LADIES AND MINISTERS.

A certain lady conceived a violent attachment for Archbishop Leighton. She was not without charms, and she showed them off in his presence most dexterously. She was very constant in her attentions to the Archbishop, very much interested in his discourses and in his work, and made him many handsome presents. As he seemed, however, to be indifferent in the matter, and her prospects of success not particularly bright, she one day, in the ardor of her passion, said to him:

"Mr. Leighton, what do you think? I have dreamed three successive nights that you and I were married."

His cool, philosophic answer was:

"When, dear madam, I dream so too, we undoubtedly shall be married."

When the young and gifted Summerfield was preaching in the city of New York, and immense audiences were held entranced by his eloquence, a wealthy lady threw herself into his society, conferred upon him many favors, and finally addressed him a note, in which she told him that "her heart, her fortune, and her hand was at his disposal." The reply of the devoted and eloquent Methodist was:

"Give your heart to the Lord Jesus Christ, give your fortune to the poor, and give your hand to the man who asks you for it."

REPORTS FROM THE REBEL HEADQUARTERS.—A gentleman who left Gen. Jackson's headquarters on Tuesday evening, having gone within the enemy's lines under a flag of truce, communicates to us the following statements:—

The rebels say that Gen. Kearney, having found himself by mistake in the midst of one of their regiments, refused to surrender upon being summoned to do so, and was shot while attempting to ride off.

Gen. Lee says that he would have afforded any proper accommodation for the burial of our dead and the care of our wounded, which our generals might have requested.

The rebels say that Gen. Longstreet had not joined them, and that the fighting of Friday and Saturday was done by Gen. Jackson's forces alone.

The rebels are poorly clothed, many of them being barefooted, and seemed quite destitute of provisions. They did not hesitate to say that they are tired of the war, but are determined to fight until their independence is acknowledged. They are in high spirits over the recent battles. They talk of marching into Maryland, as a thing determined upon.

Of our generals, they say that they like to fight against McDowell. Gen. Pope they denounce as a "thief" and "liar." Of McClellan, they say that he is "the only gentleman general" in the National army.—*Washington Republican, Sept. 5.*

THE HAZARD OF DELAY.—The rebel Lieut. Maury, writing from Richmond to Admiral Chabannes, says:

"It is a fact not generally known abroad, but I may state it now, that when this war commenced, and even after it had assembled an army in the field, such was the want of preparation, and such was the lack of munitions of war on our part, that there was not only not a percussion cap machine in the Confederacy, but when the army of Manassas took up its position, it had but four rounds to the man. Had the enemy joined battle with us there a few weeks sooner than he did, we should, for the want of percussion caps, have had to quit the field or fight him entirely with the bayonet. But see what we have accomplished in the way of preparation, &c."

OUR loss in artillery, in the late battles, it is estimated, will be more than thirty pieces. No batteries were taken from the rebels.

☞ A correspondent of "Frank Leslie's" paper says:—"I have been at four battles where Jackson commanded the enemy's forces, and could not help remarking the similarity of the ground chosen by him in his several actions. His position is such that he invariably leaves a dense wood on one of our flanks and open ground on the other, and by moving his whole force under cover of the woods outflanks us."

LATEST NEWS.

INVASION OF MARYLAND.

OCCUPATION OF FREDERICK.

The Potomac Said to be Crossed at Three Points.

IMPORTANT FROM THE WEST.

Gen. Bragg Advancing on Nashville, Tenn.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Movements of the Rebels.

SEIZURE OF THE MONOCACY BRIDGE—THE UNION TROOPS RETIRE—LOYALISTS FLEEING INTO PENNSYLVANIA.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 7.—It appears from private accounts that the rebels crossed the Potomac River on Friday night and early yesterday morning, and from thence marched to White Oak springs, within three miles of Frederick. They crossed both above and below the Point of Rocks, and did it in as speedy and quiet a manner as possible.

One of their first acts was to send a force to cut the telegraph wire, and seize the bridge over the Monocacy.

The regiment guarding this point evacuated their position on Friday.

Great numbers of persons were leaving Frederick all day yesterday, and proceeding towards Pennsylvania.

Accounts from Hagerstown say that many known refugees from Virginia have arrived there.

No further information regarding rebel movements in Maryland has transpired up to noon.

FREDERICK OCCUPIED BY 5,000 REBELS UNDER GEN. HILL—CATTLE AND HORSES BOUGHT AND SENT TO THE POTOMAC.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 7.—Fugitives who left Frederick last night report that the city was occupied by about 5,000 rebels, under General Hill, consisting of cavalry, artillery and infantry.

The rebels had issued a proclamation promising the protection of private property.

A Provost guard had been appointed.

Purchases were being made in United States Treasury notes of cattle and horses, which were being sent back towards the river.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 7.—Further reports from Frederick say that Bradley F. Johnson was made Provost Marshal. The rebel troops passed through the town, and encamped in Wirman's woods, about a mile beyond the city.

Important from the West.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 6.—General Bragg has left Chattanooga, and is advancing on Nashville.

Conductor Woodall made a reconnoissance yesterday with an engine on the Kentucky Railroad.

He proceeded to a point ten miles north of Cynthiana, where he discovered three men, who, upon being hailed, said they belonged to a Georgia regiment. He afterwards discovered their camp, but it was so much hidden by bushes that he could not make out the number.

A dispatch from Pomeroy, Ohio, says that the town of Spencer, Roane county, Va., has been surrendered to the rebel Jenkins, and Col. Rathbone's command taken prisoners.

On Wednesday, Jenkins entered Ravenswood, Va., and on Wednesday evening crossed the Ohio at Buffington's island, and came down to Racine, Ohio, where he killed one man, wounded two, and stole twelve horses.

He then recrossed the river at Wolf's bar, and there he encamped for the night.

A later report says the rebels are crossing the Ohio at Racine, and are coming down on both sides.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 7.—The rebels yesterday burned three bridges over Benson creek, on the Louisville and Frankfort Railroad, about 60 miles east of here. The train this afternoon went no further than Lagrange.

NEW YORK, Sept. 7.—A special dispatch to the World, says Gen. Buell has ordered Nashville to be evacuated.

Private dispatches received here from Boyd's Station, Ky., say that 15,000 rebels entered that place to-day. The telegraph operator left at noon, just as the advance guard came in sight.

Gen. Pope Relieved from his Command—He is to be Sent West.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 6.—Gen. Pope having been, at his own request, relieved from the command of the army of Virginia, he will probably be immediately assigned to the command of a department in the West.

COURT-MARTIAL OF GENS. PORTER, FRANKLIN AND GRIFFIN—POPE RELIEVED OF HIS COMMAND.

On Friday Gen. Pope asked to be relieved of his command, and his request was granted. He at once preferred charges against Gens. Porter, Franklin and Griffin, for not obeying orders in the late engagements and causing our defeat.

A court-martial had orders to assemble this morning, and met at the War Department. Judge Holt, Judge Advocate; Major-General Cadwalader, General Casey and General Mansfield, the Board. They adjourned till Monday morning at 11 o'clock.

Porter's command has been given to Gen. Heintzleman.

Gen. Burnside has been placed in command of the right wing, and takes the late command of General Pope. It is hoped that the rebels will be driven promptly from Maryland.

By request of Gen. McClellan, the President has ordered Generals Porter, Franklin, and Griffin, to their commands, and postponed their trial for the present. General McClellan thought the exigencies of the case demanded their restoration to their command.

Miscellaneous.

We learn that the regiments of new troops are now in process of being brigaded with old regiments, by which means they will be made effective soldiers much sooner than if otherwise brigaded.

Senator Lane is at Washington trying to complete arrangements for arming and equipping his new troops, two regiments of which are negroes, and says he can raise double the number if he gets arms.

General McDowell is said to have asked for a court of inquiry. He left for Philadelphia on Sunday last.

Four hundred cavalry have been defeated at Martinsburg, Va., with a loss of 50 prisoners and a number of arms. We lost 3 killed and 10 wounded.

The rebels expect to raise in Maryland 50,000 recruits for their army.

The gunboat Octorora had captured a large *neutral* English steamer off Charleston, loaded with saltpetre, arms and ammunition.

Athens, Alabama, has been burned by our troops.

PROVIDENCE, Sept. 6.—Senator Simmons has resigned, and the Legislature has elected Lieutenant Governor Arnold to fill his place.

Over 25 regiments arrived in Cincinnati in 48 hours.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON CITY, Sept. 8.—Instructions to United States Marshals, Military Commanders, Provost Marshals, Police Officers, Sheriffs, &c.

The quota of volunteers and enrollment of militia having been completed in the several states, the necessity for stringent enforcement of the orders of the War Department in respect to volunteering and drafting no longer exists.

Arrests for violation of those orders and for disloyal practices will hereafter be made only upon my express warrant, or by direction of the Military Commander or Governor of the state in which such arrests may be made, and the restrictions upon travel imposed by those orders are rescinded. E. C. TURNER, Judge Advocate.

Major-General Reno has been assigned to the third army corps; Major General McDowell having been granted leave of absence for 15 days.

It is said that on Thursday Hon. Edwin M. Stanton tendered his resignation to the President, and it was accepted, Gen. Halleck being appointed his successor.

All the troops at Harrisburg, and a number of regiments from New York and the east, are to be immediately forwarded to the entrance of the Cumberland Valley.

Gov. Morton, of Indiana, has ordered all male citizens, between 18 and 45, residing in the border counties, to organize themselves into military companies to repel invasion.

According to rebel estimates of their numbers in the late series of engagements, they had not less than one hundred and twenty thousand men, with forty batteries of field pieces, most of them being rifled cannon.

On the 1st instant, at Jackson, Tenn., two Illinois regiments had an engagement with the rebels, who were in overwhelming numbers. The enemy were routed with a loss of 110 killed and about 250 wounded. Our loss was 5 killed and 40 wounded.

The resumption of all business (except selling liquors,) up to 4 o'clock of each week day, has been authorized in Cincinnati.

FROM HILTON HEAD.—A large rebel steamer, either the Nashville or the Emma, attempted to run out of Savannah on the night of the 30th, when she got aground and was abandoned and burnt by the crew.

THE INVADERS 40,000 STRONG.

A report comes from Washington to the *Evening Bulletin* as follows:—

A gentleman who arrived here to-day (7th), having left Frederick between 9 and 10 o'clock last night on horseback, says that the rebel force there is estimated at 40,000 under Jackson. From his conversation with the rebel soldiers, he derived the impression that one of their objects is to destroy the Northern Central Pennsylvania Railroad, and otherwise operate in that state, and that they have ulterior designs on Washington and Baltimore. Our informant was glad to leave the neighborhood of Frederick without caring to remain long to verify his data.

THE QUAKERS AND THE DRAFT.—Considerable discussion is going on at the present time relative to Quakers, or members of the Society of Friends, being exempt from draft. They have thus far aided materially in the good work of crushing out the rebellion. By referring to the bounty lists published from day to day, we find the names of a number of persons connected with this class of our community who have subscribed liberally, and we also know of a number of young men, belonging to respectable Quaker families in this city, who have shouldered the musket and marched to the defence of their beleaguered country. Without doubt, the members of the Society of Friends are exempt from a draft by a provision in our State Constitution. The second section of article sixth of the Constitution is in these words:

"The freemen of this Commonwealth shall be armed, organized, and disciplined for its defence, in such a manner as shall be decided by law. *Those who conscientiously scruple to bear arms* shall not be COMPELLED *to do so*, but shall pay an *equivalent for personal service.*"

No class of our citizens is more loyal, more patriotic, more generous with their donations to the sick and wounded in our hospitals, than the Quakers, or members of the Society of Friends. A member of the Anderson troop writes that among the new recruits are about fifty young men from Hicksite Quaker families in Philadelphia. Captain—now Major we believe—Palmer, is himself of a Quaker family, being a grandson of the late Isaac Hopper, the famous abolitionist.

☞ At Norfolk, a woman passing by two Union soldiers gathered hastily her robes close to her side, to prevent her garments being polluted by touching a soldier's coat. The soldiers stopped, and one said, loudly: "Ah, but a nice kind of woman is that! Don't you see she has got some contagious disease, and is afraid we Union soldiers shall catch it from her?" The secesh female looked mad enough at this interpretation of her folly. Another soldier passing along the side-walk was also met by a similar secesh woman, who deliberately marched into the street to avoid contact with him. "Excuse me, madam," said the soldier, "but I am a *Union* soldier, and not a *secesh* soldier, such as you have been used to, and so I am not lousy."

☞ CONSCRIPTION.—The Richmond Dispatch of Saturday urges upon the rebel Congress the absolute necessity of extending the conscription act to all persons within the ages of 16 and 55 years, the material between the ages of 18 and 35 having been exhausted. By this means it thinks the rebels will be able to raise a force equal to the 600,000 Yankees which Lincoln has called for.

☞ SQUIRRELS CARNIVOROUS.—A lady subscriber affirms that she saw the common striped squirrel or chipmunk carry off a chicken, and moreover killed one in the act. This fellow burrows in the earth, and it may be that his habits are different from the rest of the tribe. The fact is new to us.—*American Agriculturist.*

☞ The Duke de Roquisure was one day told that two ladies of the court had quarrelled and very much abused each other. "Have they called each other *ugly?*" asked the duke. "No." "Very well," answered he, "then I will undertake to reconcile them."

☞ The Treasury Department construes the word "peddler," as used in the Excise law, to be a person who gains a livelihood by travelling from place to place and selling goods and wares, or one whose occupation it is to sell goods while travelling from place to place. A farmer who sells his own products by travelling from house to house is not a "peddler" in the sense of the law—and will not be subjected to the payment of a peddler's license under the national tax law.

THE SHIPS AT SEA.

In a cottage that stood on the wild sea-shore,
A little one sat 'neath the vine-wreathed door;
Shadowed and sad was the childish face,
On the soft, pink cheek stood the tear-drop's trace;
For the cherished toy—best beloved of all—
The poor little waxen-faced, blue-eyed doll,
Was broken: smile not at the childish pain,
Nor the tears that were dropping like silver rain.

But the gentle mother, with loving tone,
Said, bending down by the little one,
And kissing the mouth and the dimpled chin,
"Don't cry, my love—when our ship comes in,
We will get a new dolly, oh, far more fair,
With brighter eyes and with softer hair.
Now dry your tears, for it will surely be
When our ship comes in from the far, wide sea."

Oh, that ship to come! and how oft before
Had the bright eyes watched from the cottage door,
As with eager gaze they were watching now
For the gleaming sail and the rushing prow;
But oft she ran to her mother's side,
Her sweet blue eyes with the gladness wide,
As she pictured the wonderful pleasures to be
When their ship came in from the distant sea.

The dearest gift and the best of all
For her little heart, was the little doll;
But, oh! there were treasures unknown—untold,
As safely stowed in its precious hold;
And standing thus with her beaming eyes,
The tears all gone and the childish sighs,
She turned the sweet face from its smiles to me,
And said, "Have you any ship at sea?"

Child! you did not know that wild throb of pain
Those light words sent through my heart and brain;
Ah! we all have ships on a stormy sea,
Ah! weary watchers for them are we;
And when the tempest and cloud are rife—
When storms sweep over the sky of life,
With tearful eyes, by the sounding shore,
We watch for them—we have watched before;
But of all who weary and trembling wait
For the coming ships, with their precious freight,
'Tis known, oh, Father! to none but Thee,
If they safely arrive or be lost at sea.

AN ICE ADVENTURE.

It is now several years since, that I was returning from the survey of the north-western district of Lake Superior, my portion of the duty being finished. Winter, with its wild winds and deep snows, had already set in, and instead of the usual lake-voyage, my journey to the land of civilization had to be performed in a sleigh. Each day I took my way over roads whose ruts the snow had filled, while my horses' bells rang gaily out through the snow-clad forest, whose pendent icicles flashed in the sun-rays like a fruitage of gems; and when night came, I never failed of a welcome beneath the bark-roof of the nearest settler, where my news—albeit five months old—was more prized than my dollars, and my French-Canadian servant, with his broken English jests, and his sweet old Provengal songs, was more regarded than myself.

We had passed Lake Superior, and were threading the forest bordering Lake Huron, when one evening we came to a better cultivated farm than usual, and stopped at the door of a large farmhouse, where the scraping of fiddles and echoing of feet announced one of those blithesome frolics which the settlers at intervals lighten the monotony of backwoods' life. On such occasions, every guest is welcome, and we were rapturously received, though the house was crowded to suffocation. But it soon appeared this was an extraordinary festival, being for the bridal of our host's daughter, whom all these friends—who came from many miles round—were to accompany to see the knot tied on the morrow. What a joyous scene it was! How they jested and laughed till the music was almost drowned, and despite the crush, danced merrily until the spruce and juniper wreaths trembled on the walls, and the forest of candles flickered above our heads; now footing old-forgotten dances with the rosy bridemaids, in their yet redder ribbons, now clustering in triumph round the soft-eyed bride, the fairest flower I ever saw in that wild region.

The sun rose on our unwearied revels, ushering in the wedding-day. A hearty breakfast was despatched, and then one and all—for I deferred my journey in honor of the occasion—prepared to escort the bride on her way.

Through many of the backwoods' settlements clergymen have never passed, and troths are lawfully plighted before the nearest magistrate. But on the present occasion it chanced that a clergyman was visiting his brother at a farm some twenty miles distant, and the marriage was hurried that the bride might have the advantage of a "parson's wedding." My two-horse sleigh being the best-appointed vehicle in company, I placed it at the bride's disposal; and we were soon speeding through the forest, followed by a bevy of sleighs and trains, filled with a laughing crowd; and while the sleigh-bells rang out the merriest of bridal peals, the young settlers played wild chorusses upon their horns, until the old woods echoed with their minstrelsy.

About mid-day, we reached our destination, but we had to wait the conclusion of another ceremony. It was a wedding, and the strangest I ever saw, for the bride was portly, the bridegroom grizzled, and they made the responses with a decision which showed they had quite made up their minds; while occupying the bridemaids' station in the rear, was an open-mouthed cluster of wondering juveniles, the offspring of the bride and bridegroom, who had long been legally, as they were now religiously married.

The young people's turn was next; and despite the struggles of the little ones, and the boisterous laughter of their elders, they were all duly christened, and then led away by their newly wedded parents, amid a hurricane of congratulations and cheers, which lasted until they had driven off in the two trains awaiting them.

Then came the wedding of our own fair bride, and she seemed almost scared to find how solemn were the words which bound her to share the burdens as well as joys of her bridegroom; but she had always meant to do so; and taking heart of grace, she smiled happily as he handed her into my sleigh for the return journey. Again we swept through the bush with laugh and jest, and in the intervals my servant Antoine sang jubilant bridal peans, and trolled old ballads of love and marriage enough to have turned Hymen-ward a whole community. But after a time there was none but the newly wedded and myself to listen, for my high-bred horses, fresh as when we started, had far outsped the heavy steads of the other travellers, and were running them out of sight and hearing.

"Let us go by the lake-shore," cried the bridegroom; "then you'll see the 'tumble,' and we will be home yet before they are."

The idea was highly approved by the new-made wife, and as I was somewhat weary myself of the monotony of the woods, I readily agreed. Between us and the shore was a winding gully filled with frozen snow, which soon brought us to the broad belt of ice bordering the land. Beyond was the lake, which, so far as we could see, stretched a vast expanse of blue, refreshing to the eye wearied by the universal whiteness, and troubled by a recent gale, it heaved and rolled in the heavy swells, whose very action was cheering amid the deadly stillness. Meanwhile we bowsled merrily on over the wavy ice, which flashed and sparkled in a thousand blinding and gorgeous rays beneath our horses feet; while on our left the land rose into lofty promontories, crowned with battlements of snow, or swept back into deep bays bordered with pine forests, or with vast expanses of dreary swamp, where the loon made her nest among the moss, and the water-snake lurked beneath the rushes.

At length a deep reverberation announced the tumble—a succession of foaming cascades, by which the waters of a lofty river found their way into the lake, and whose picturesque beauty was enhanced by the long lines of glittering icicles which fringed the overhanging rocks, and the glacier-like cone of ice the spray had raised before it. This duly admired, we pressed on, for the short day was drawing to a close, and just as the sun sank behind the pine-crest of a distant headland, we came to a wide estuary, whose further point it formed. Beyond was the farm, and we urged the horses to a swifter pace, for with the sun's departure came a great access of cold.

The estuary, some eight miles wide, stretched deep into the land, and to save time, we drove straight across the vast sheet of ice which bridged it. Night fell as we proceeded, but though the moon had not yet risen, the misty reflection of the snow lighted us on our way, and ahead was the promontory, showing darkly against the starlit sky. We had about reached the centre of the bay, when a sudden report, like a discharge of artillery, filled the air, and rolling back over the ice, was repeated by the thousand echoes of the wilds. It was the unmistakable sound of cracking ice; and, without a word, I put the horses to their speed. The next moment, a yet louder and sharper concussion broke on the silence, quickly followed by a third, which sounded as if it rent the ice asunder.

At once, the truth flashed upon us. As often happens, the heavy swell of that great inland sea was breaking up the solid ice; and so far from land, among the shattering fragments, we were in a position of the utmost peril, in which our only resource was flight; and again I urged on our bounding steeds. Meanwhile, my companions peered eagerly into the dimness, seeking to discover where the danger lay, but the silvery haze baffled them, and we could only speed on blindly.

At length, our horses stopped, and looking before them, we perceived a dark belt of heaving water. The crack was across our path, and the chasm was too broad for our horses to leap; all left us, therefore, was to turn land ward, and hurry on, if happily we might outstrip the danger. But with each step the gap beside us widened, until it almost resembled a river; then it turned again lakeward, and, to our consternation, we discovered that the ice had parted on either side of us, cutting us off from land, and leaving us floating on a large island of ice, which the swift current of the river was already driving rapidly out upon the lake.

What a sudden dismay came over us as we gazed at the increasing chasm no effort of ours could bridge! The bridegroom was eager to swim the space, and bear tidings to the farm; but it would only have been a useless sacrifice of life, for long ere he had gone half the distance, he would have died in his frozen clothes. There was but one chance left—that we might yet hit on some projecting point of the lake-shore. But as our raft floated steadily further and further out from land, that last hope vanished; and before long, we who had lately been so joyous, stood sadly watching the white outline of the hills fade into the night, as they whose last sight of land it was, and with the sorrowful knowledge that the only doubt remaining on our doom was, whether we should perish miserably upon our frozen resting-place, or be swept off into the ice-cold waters of the lake!

It was a terrible prospect; and the remembrance that we had in a manner brought the evil upon our own heads, increased its bitterness tenfold. Had we but apprised any one of our route when we diverged from the usual track, we should undoubtedly have been sought for in canoes, and most probably rescued; while, as it was, the blind path by which we turned off to the shore would put them all at fault. The bridegroom's self-reproaches were keenest of any, for he felt himself the destroyer of the bride so lately committed to his care; while the poor girl wept in utter abandonment of spirit, not only for the blighting of her bright hopes, and for the young life she must shortly render up, but for the sudden parting from the beloved ones she should never see again.

Meanwhile, the moon rose in the deep-blue sky, making night beautiful, flooding our ice-raft with its silvery light, quivering in broken rays on the broad lake, which now rolled in waves around us, and shining like a glory on the distant hills, giving us one more glance at earth.

But the cold was intense. The wind, straight from the frozen north, swept over the lake in fitful gusts, and seemed to pierce us like icy arrows; and though, wrapped in the heavy sleigh-furs, we crouched within its narrow limits, we could scarce endure the rigor of the night; and, worse than all, our fair companion had to share these hardships with no protection save the most sheltered corner of the sleigh, and the warmest wrapper; yet she never murmured, but, with the gentle heroism of her sex, laid her head silently and now tearlessly on her husband's shoulder; and I thought she prayed. Day at last broke on this long night of misery and desolation. The imperceptible current of the lake had swept us out of sight of land, and the huge mass of ice lay steady as an island among the surrounding waves. We told ourselves we had no hope of rescue, yet long and anxiously we watched the circling horizon for some sign of coming aid, and it was with a deeper despondency we discovered that, as far as the eye could reach, there was nothing but lake and sky, save on one spot some five miles distant, where floated a fragment of our raft, which, cracked from the commencement, had parted during the night, bearing away with it both our horses. And as the day wore on, another hardship was added, which redoubled all the rest—that of hunger. Since the preceding morning, we had eaten nothing, and our long exposure to the cold began to make the want severely felt; while, though many birds flew over the lake, not one came within reach of our rifles to soften this new calamity.

Two days passed, and no words can tell the intensity of our sufferings as we floated on that frozen prison, which the winds and waves appeared powerless to destroy; each hour served but to augment our misery; and when the third day broke upon us, cold and exhaustion were fast doing their work, and we lay helplessly in the corners of the sleigh, as it seemed about to die. But the young bride still bore up; whether it was the unbroken vigor of her youth sustained her, or that marvellous endurance of her sex, which has so often carried them through wreck and tempest, I know not, but she was still comparatively unsubdued, and while she drew our coverings more closely round us, she earnestly entreated us still to hope and trust. I began to think with horror that a time would shortly come when the unhappy girl would be left alone upon the ice.

Thus another night closed on our sore extremity, and we did not think to live it out. As the hours passed, a furious storm arose upon the lake, lashing its waters into foaming billows, which dashed against our raft, as if they sought to shatter it in pieces; clouds, black as ink, rolled over the sky, and appeared to fill the air; and, to crown all, the faintness of our hunger was succeeded by raging pains, almost beyond endurance, and yet which seemed hourly to increase. Never have I suffered as I did that night. It was well-nigh maddening, and many times, as we sat cowering within the sleigh listening to the rushing of the waves, did we almost pray that they would overwhelm our raft at once, and end our misery. At length this desire seemed granted. There was a sudden crash, and a violent concussion, as though we had struck upon a rock, and the billows beat and roared more wildly than ever. But in the darkness we could distinguish nothing, and, pressing down our hunger, we sat with clasped hands and bowed heads awaiting our doom. While we still waited, the dawn crept over the sky, and our indomitable bride, springing up, uttered a cry of joy, then threw herself weeping in her husband's arms. Before us, rising in hills and valleys, lay the snow-clad land, and against its icy border our raft was tightly jammed. Though we guessed it not, the gale had blown from the south, and, by the mercy of Providence, it had driven us back to the northern shore of the lake, and thus saved our lives.

Not far off, the ascending smoke announced a dwelling, but we had no strength to reach it; so we fired our rifles, a signal which quickly brought the inhabitants to the shore. They proved to have been members of the late wedding frolic; and nothing could exceed their astonishment and joy at our discovery, which was utterly despaired of.—Every possible care and kindness was lavished upon us, and the bride's parents and friends summoned to rejoice over their lost lamb that was found. "All's well that ends well," we thankfully agreed; but never shall I forget the intense misery and suffering of that adventure on the ice.

THE SEA SHELL.

BY E. H. STODDARD.

You stooped and picked a wreathed shell,
Beside the shining sea;
"This little shell, when I am gone,
Will whisper still of me."
I kissed your hands upon the sands,
For you were kind to me.

I hold the shell against my ear,
And hear its hollow roar:
It speaks to me about the sea,
But speaks of you no more!
I pace the sands and wring my hands,
For you are kind no more.

☞ In St. Armands, N. Y., (formerly North Elba,) where John Brown lived and was buried, of the eighty voters in the town, seventy have enlisted. Their neighbors and the women agreed to gather in the corn for those who have gone, and are doing it. The women may be seen any day at work in the fields.

☞ Woman may be indifferent to courts, courtiers and courtesy, but not to courtship.

MR. VAN BUREN AND MRS. EATON.

The episode in which these once famous names became associated, is one of the most interesting in the administration of General Jackson; and more than any other concerns the rising fortunes of Mr. Van Buren himself. The story, which may be told in brief, shows upon what slight influences the fortunes of great men and the destinies of a great nation may sometimes hang.

Mrs. Eaton was the daughter of William O'Neal, who kept at Washington, many years ago, a large, old-fashioned tavern, which was a kind of headquarters for members of Congress during its sessions. She was a lively, handsome girl, free in her conversation, and a general favorite with her father's guests. There were gossips and busybodies enough, who, for want of other victims, seized on poor Peg O'Neal, and made sad work with her reputation. She married in the course of events, Purser Timberlake, of the United States Navy, who came to a melancholy end two or three years later, while on duty in the Mediterranean. In January, 1829—a year later, and scarcely two months before the first inauguration of Gen. Jackson—Major John H. Eaton, then a Senator from Tennessee, and an intimate and trusted friend of the President elect, became attached to the still attractive Mrs. Timberlake. Shadows were still resting on the good name of the young widow, touching even her relations with Major Eaton before Mr. Timberlake's untimely death.

It is said that Gen. Jackson, coming up to Washington fresh from Tennessee, was consulted by his friend as to the wisdom of this marriage. "Why, yes, Major," said the General, "if you love the woman, and she will have you, marry her, by all means." Major Eaton suggested that Mrs. Timberlake's reputation had not escaped reproach, and that his own name had suffered with hers. "Well," said the old hero, "your marrying her will disprove those charges, and restore Peg's good name." They were married. Time passed. Major Eaton was called to the Cabinet of President Jackson as head of the War Department. Imagine the horrors of Washington society! The tavern-keeper's daughter, the proscribed widow of a reckless navy officer, pierced with the shafts of all sorts of scandal, the wife of a cabinet minister, and entitled to admission to the drawing-rooms of those who never did anything improper! "Forbid it, Gen. Jackson!" But the old hero wouldn't do anything of the kind. The recollection of aspersions once cast on his own wife, whose beloved spirit had just passed away, contributed to the flaming indignation with which he rejected the scandal against the wife of his friend. Believing her to be unjustly aspersed, he espoused her cause with the zeal of a knight errant and the impetuous energy of—Gen. Jackson.

The result was a fierce and long-continued social war. The ladies of other cabinet ministers ruled that Mrs. Eaton could not be admitted to their circle. The ladies of foreign ministers followed their example. Mrs. Donelson, the niece of the President, and mistress of the White House, though compelled to receive her, would not visit her. "Anything else, uncle," said she, "but I cannot call on Mrs. Eaton." "Very well," said the inflexible old General; "then go back to Tennessee, my dear,"—and she went. Poor Mrs. Eaton was all this time resting in silence under this despotism. Mr. Van Buren was Secretary of State, and a widower. He called upon Mrs. Eaton, made parties for her, persuaded his friends to treat her with the respect due to her position, no less than to a lady who had been greatly wronged. His conduct naturally touched the heart of the old General, which was set on the lady's vindication. It also won for Mr. Van Buren the affection of the President's confidential counsellors, who were then and for eight years following the president-makers of the republic. "Indeed," said one of the biographers of Andrew Jackson, "the political history of the last thirty years, dates from the moment when the soft hand of Mr. Van Buren touched Mrs. Eaton's knocker."

The rest of the story is soon told. The cabinet was from the beginning divided on the question of Mrs. Eaton's character. For Mrs. Eaton—the President, Mr. Van Buren, Major Eaton, Mr. Barry. Against her—the Vice President, Mr. Ingham, Mr. Branch. The cabinet could not hold together, and was dissolved. Mr. Van Buren first resigned, and the President gratefully sent him as Minister to the Court of St. James.—Major Eaton followed his example, and was to be well provided for. These resignations rendered the reconstruction of the cabinet a necessity, and the rest of the members, who had thwarted the President's darling purpose to restore an injured lady to her rights, were courteously relieved from duty. From that hour Mr. Van Buren's fortunes were made. Mrs. Eaton soon ceased to be an issue in the social and political circles at the capital, where the lady outlived the reign and almost the memory of those who made such havoc with her fame.

A GOOD GENERAL.

The fortitude required of him is very different from the unthinking alacrity of the common soldier or common sailor in the face of danger or death; it is not a passion, it is not an impulse, it is not a sentiment—it is a cool, steady, deliberate principle, always present, always equable; having no connection with anger; tempering honor with prudence; incited, invigorated, and sustained by a generous love of fame; informed, moderated and directed by an enlarged knowledge of its own great public ends; flowing in one blended stream from the opposite sources of the heart and head, carrying in itself its own commission, and proving its title to every other command, by the first and most difficult command, that of the bosom in which it resides—it is a fortitude which unites with the courage of the field, the more exalted and refined courage of the council; which knows as well to retreat as to advance; which can conquer as well by delay as by the rapidity of a march, or the impetuosity of an attack; which can be, with Fabius, the black cloud that lowers on the tops of the mountains, or with Scipio, the thunderbolt of war; which undismayed by false shame, can patiently endure the severest trials that a gallant spirit can undergo, in the taunts and provocations of the enemy, the suspicions, the cold respect, and "mouth honor" of those from whom he should meet a cheerful obedience which, undisturbed by false humanity, can calmly assume that most awful moral responsibility of deciding when victory may be too dearly purchased by the loss of a single life, and when the safety and glory of their country may demand the certain sacrifice of thousands.—*Burke.*

WOMAN IN THE ASCENDANT.

Rev. Robert Colyer says this of the women of America:—

"The women of our land have distanced all their sisters on the earth for general steady devotion to the material needs of the soldier. We may challenge any people to show such a perfect devotion manifested in such a way. When the history of this war is written, the Sanitary Commission will take a large place in it, and the Sanitary Commission will have to write, 'We should have been able to do very little for the comfort of our men, had it not been for the untiring devotion of our women, and their generous, boundless gifts of what was most needed.'—Of the part taken by women in that which pales, all gifts of food and garments, I cannot at this time adequately tell. Mothers gave their sons, wives their husbands, and then sat down to their daily life. 'That is the portrait of a young man, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow,' a friend said to me one day, opening her album: 'they are a rich family; he was educated in the best schools, had just come back from a tour in Europe when the war began; he went into the army at once, and was killed at Ball's Bluff.'

"A lady, now the widow of one from our own state who fell at Pittsburg, went up to the field on one of the first boats, and when she arrived found her husband dead. The novelist, who professes to give us life as it ought to be, will say, 'then she sat down by his bleeding corpse all night long and wept.' The angel who writes down in the book kept in the archives of heaven life as it is, has written out in fair, golden characters:—The wife of General Wallace, of Ottawa, went to Pittsburg to find her husband, who was represented wounded, and found him dead.—Then she looked on the face of her dead, and wept for a little season. But she saw all around him on the boat the men who had fought and fallen with him there yet alive, in pain and thirst, with none to help them. So she turned away from her dead, sent back her tears into her heart, and turned to the living, and all night long she went from man to man with water and words of comfort, and the holy succor that must come out of such an inspiration in such a place."

IMPORTANT INFORMATION FOR SOLDIERS.

It is very important to our soldiers at the South that they should know that in one of the most common forest trees, they have a perfectly sure, safe remedy for every grade of bowel complaint, from the most ordinary case of relaxtion up through all the stages of diarrhœa, bloody-flux, cholera morbus, to Asiatic cholera in its first stage.

I will relate one instance. A gentleman so reduced by bloody-flux that he had to be assisted from his wagon into the house, was entirely cured in one night.

In almost all sections of the Southern states, there is to be found a large tree, known as Sweet Gum; its true name is Liquid Amber. It exudes from wounds a white, aromatic gum, and bears a burr about an inch in diameter, perforated with cells like honey-comb. Its leaves are five-pointed, and resemble those of the maple; the bark is rough and striated, and upon young trees very rough, and what is termed watery.

Take the inside bark, that of an old tree is best, and make a tea of it, of such a strength that it will resemble in color, and somewhat in taste, strong coffee, and let the patient drink from half a pint to four half-pints, clear or with sugar, cold or hot.

It will surely cure the complaint, if it is not absolutely incurable, and its great value is that it leaves the bowels in a healthy condition.

If any one doubts this, let him consult any of the old negroes, particularly from Mississippi and Louisiana, who know the value of the remedy, and have used it for ages. So have the Indians, from whom I learned how to use it in the malarious forests of Indiana. With it, made and administered by an aged squaw, while I lay utterly prostrate in a wagon, unable to mount my horse, I was entirely cured in a few hours, and perfectly able to ride.

In 1832, an acquaintance of mine cured many persons attacked with Asiatic cholera, in Cincinnati. I was myself cured of a severe attack the same year, by steeping a handful of the sweet gum bark in a pint of water half an hour, which I drank clear, and taken thus it is not unpalatable.

To this statement I willingly append my name, and those who know me will believe it.

SOLON ROBINSON.

☞ We spend the best part of our lives in making mistakes, and the remainder in reflecting how easily we might have avoided them. When the fact is that the mistakes may have been beneficial instead of the reverse, and that we possibly could not have avoided them under any circumstances.

☞ RECEIPT FOR MAKING PANTALOONS LAST.—Make the vest and coat first. To make them *lasting*—buy that kind of material.

ONIONS IN A HYGIENIC POINT OF VIEW.

In a medicinal point of view, the garden onion is of more importance than any other of our esculent vegetables. It is a powerful diuretic, and is said as such to have been successfully used as a specific in dropsy, gout, gravel, lumbago, and generally in all affections of the kidneys and urinary organs. As an instance of its efficacy in dropsy, we shall relate a circumstance which came within our own observation a few years since. We were travelling through one of the middle departments of France in company with a very eminent counsellor, and member of the Parisian bar, who had turned his attention to discovering the various medicinal properties of simples, in illustration of a favorite theory of his, that all the ailments which afflict mankind may be removed by remedies from the vegetable kingdom, to the utter exclusion of all mineral substances.

One day we stopped and claimed the privileges of hospitality at a beautiful chateau belonging to a distant relative of our friend. We were most kindly received by the lord of the mansion, a fine looking middle aged man, who, with tears in his eyes, informed us that his lady, whom our friend described as a most gentle, kind hearted, and noble-minded dame, was dying of the dropsy, all the medical men in the neighborhood having stated that nothing more could be done for her. "That remains to be seen," said our friend hastily, "I must see her forthwith," and he proceeded to her bedroom, dragging us with him—a circumstance which will create no surprise in those acquainted with the manners of the French. The lady was alarmingly ill, and had swollen to an enormous size; she had been tapped once before, but on the present occasion had obstinately refused such a mode of relief. The Parisian lawyer, nothing daunted, called for some *white onions*. Having peeled a sufficient quantity, he filled with them a pipkin, or coarse earthen mug, holding about three pints. Having stuffed in as many peeled onions as the vessel would contain, he filled this with cold water, covered it, and set it in the midst of the warm embers, where the water would simmer with very little ebullition. He let the onions stew until they were reduced to a pap, and the water to half of the original quantity—a process which required three or four hours, as the vessel was kept closely covered, and the fire slow. He strained the liquor through a linen bag, carefully expressing every drop of juice from the onion pulp which had melted in the liquor. Having extracted this latter, he carefully weighed it, and then, gently over the fire, but without boiling, dissolved in it its own weight of course brown sugar. Of this syrup he gave his patient two tablespoonsful every two hours, a fresh quantity being made so as to keep up a constant supply. In a day or two the lady felt better, and in about six weeks, during which time we remained at the chateau as guests, she was able to walk with us about the grounds. We had occasion to visit our kind host about six months after our former visit, and found his lady enjoying excellent health, and valuing her cousin's onion syrup as a specific for all the complaints "that flesh is heir to."—*Mag. Domestic Economy, (Eng.)*

WATCHING ONE'S SELF.

"When I was a boy," said an old man, "we had a schoolmaster who had an odd way of catching idle boys. One day he called out to us—

"'Boys, I must have closer attention to your books. The first one of you that sees another boy idle, I want you to inform me, and I will attend to the case.'

"Ah, thought I to myself, there is Joe Simmons that I don't like. I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book, I'll tell. It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and immediately I informed the master.

"'Indeed,' said he, 'how did you know he was idle?'

"'I saw him,' said I.

"'You did; and were *your eyes on your book* when you saw him?'

"I was caught, and never watched for idle boys again."

If we are sufficiently watchful over our own conduct, we shall have no time to find fault with the conduct of others.

BYRON'S CURLS.

When Byron was at Cambridge he was introduced to Scrope Davis by their mutual friend, Matthews, who was afterwards drowned in the river Cam. After Matthew's death Davis became Byron's particular friend, and was admitted to his rooms at all hours. Upon one occasion he found the poet in bed with his hair in papers, upon which Scrope cried—

"Ha, ha! Byron, I have at last caught you acting the part of the Sleeping Beauty."

Byron, in a rage, exclaimed—

"No, Scrope; the part of a d—d fool, you should have said."

"Well then, anything you please; but you have succeeded admirably in deceiving your friends, for it was my conviction that your hair curled naturally."

"Yes, naturally, every night," returned the poet; "but do not, my dear Scrope, let the cat out of the bag, for I am as vain of my curls as a girl of sixteen."

LEGAL TENDER.—The law regulating the payment of debts with coin provides that the following coin be legal tender:—

1. All gold coin at their respective values, for debts of any amount.

2. The half dollar, quarter dollar, dime and half dime, at their respective values, for debts of any amount under five dollars.

3. Three cent pieces, for debts of any amount under thirty cents; and

4. One cent pieces, for debts of any amount under ten cents.

☞ Pedantry crams our heads with learned lumber, and takes out our brains to make room for it.

"KISS ME, MOTHER, AND LET ME GO."

[The following appropriate lines we find in a recent number of the Springfield Republican. They are by the author of "Over the River," and will be read with interest by all patriotic lovers of good poetry:]

Have you heard the news that I heard to-day?
The news that trembles on every lip?
The sky is darker again, they say,
And breakers threaten the good old ship.
Our country calls on her sons again,
To strike, in her name, at a dastard foe;
She asks for six hundred thousand men,
And I would be one, mother. Let me go.

The love of country was born with me:
I remember how my young heart would thrill
When I used to sit on my grandame's knee
And list to the story of Bunker Hill.
Life gushed out there in a rich red flood;
My grandsire fell in that fight, you know:—
Would you have me shame the brave old blood?
Nay, kiss me, mother, and let me go.

Our flag, the flag of our hope and pride,
With its stars and stripes, and its fields of blue,
Is mocked, insulted, torn down, defiled,
And trampled upon by the rebel crew.
And England and France look on and sneer,
"Ha, queen of the earth, thou art fallen low,"
Earth's down-trodden millions weep and fear—
So kiss me, mother, and let me go.

Under the burning southern skies,
Our brothers languish in heartsick pain,
They turn to us with their pleading eyes;
Oh, mother, say, shall they turn in vain?
Their ranks are thinning from sun to sun,
Yet bravely they hold at bay the foe;
Shall we let them die there, one by one?
Nay, kiss me, mother, and let me go.

Can you selfishly cling to your household joys,
Refusing the smallest tithe to yield,
While thousands of mothers are sending boys
Beloved as yours, to the battle-field?
Can you see my country call in vain,
And restrain my arm from the needful blow?
Not so; though your heart should break with pain,
You will kiss me, bless me, and bid me go.

Winchendon, Mass. N. A. W. P.

A STRANGE TRAGEDY.

One fine morning in the summer of 1740—how many stories commence thus—a young man took his way, German fashion, with knapsack and stick, forth from the humble village of Steindall, situated in the old marches of Brandenbourg. As late as the previous evening this young man was schoolmaster in that village; he had given up his situation, and he had now nothing in the world save what was on his person and in his knapsack, and a large stock of erudition, very disposable but not readily disposed of—for the name of this young man was Joachim Winckelmann.

His project was to go to Paris, but Providence ruled it otherwise. He had got as far as Gelnhausen, near Frankfort, when, as if to prove that a philosopher when young can make as great a fool of himself as any other mortal, he was stopped in his progress by neither ruin nor legend, but by the blue eyes of a charming young person whom he accidentally met with in the street. Winckelmann followed this young person to a pretty cottage trellised with vines, and opposite to which was a modest hostelry, bearing for a sign a Golden Sun, and in it he engaged a room that looked out upon the street. Next morning, at an early hour, the young girl went forth to church. Joachim followed, and made his matutinal devotions close by her.—This over, he took his place at the window, and she at hers. What archæologist will pen the history of windows and balconies in relation to love? Yet here is one who had his experiences of such in early life, and they followed him to his grave. Every morning Winckelmann said to himself, "I will start to-morrow." But he had now been saying so for a fortnight, and had not started.

One morning the pretty cottage opposite was being decorated with flowers, and the neighbors were congregating in their holiday clothes.

"What does all this mean?" inquired Winckelmann of his host.

"It means," replied the latter, "that Wilhelmina Butler is about to be married."

"To be married!" echoed the young man, almost stupefied.

"Yes, to Doctor Archangeli, an Italian quack, who cured old Butler of some complaint or other, and who has in consequence sacrificed his daughter."

Winckelmann said not a word, but, paying his bill, he stepped up stairs for his knapsack and stick, and casting one last long look at the cottage, he resumed his journey. An hour afterwards he was picked up by two peasants, lying insensible at the foot of a tree, and he was taken back to the Golden Sun at the very moment that the nuptial party were re-entering old Butler's house.

Archangeli, in his quality of doctor, marched pompously to the succor of the unfortunate youth. Wilhelmina had turned white as a sheet. Winckelmann had recovered his consciousness, but was a prey to a burning fever, the origin of which the empiric's science could not fathom, and as for curing it, if nature had not done the most, the illustrious antiquary and the "History of Art" would have most likely been buried then and there, in that obscure village, together. Such ignoble eventualities may have happened to other philosophers.

Winckelmann's convalescence was slow; he could only sit at the window, and what is more curious is, that Wilhelmina could do her work nowhere but on the little rustic balcony that stood over the cottage doorway. The tall, thin, old and atrabilious Archangeli was busy attending to his patients for five or six leagues around, mounted upon a donkey of Holstein. The first visit the young man had to pay when he did get out was one of thanks to his doctor, and, in order to fulfill this duty in the most satisfactory manner possible, he watched the time when Archangeli went out. The gratitude due to the husband would have thus to be expressed to the wife. When, however, our philosopher really found himself in the presence of that charming young person, he had nothing whatever to say, but he sat down twisting his cap in his hands, and he felt that he was blushing up to his ears. What is equally curious is, that Wilhelmina did the same thing. But it is an old proverb, that love makes boys stupid and sharpens the wits of girls, and Wilhelmina soon found means by referring to the events of the nuptial day, to relieve the embarrassments of her husband's patient. More than that, the visits were repeated: they would not have been Germans and not musical, so soon they got the one to singing and the other to playing the accompaniment.—One day the doctor came in while they were thus engaged; it was impossible to deny the young man's convalescence, and whilst he was stuttering out his acknowledgments, the great empiric was bowing his formal congratulations. Winckelmann remained to supper. The learned Archangeli had, like most of his class, a smattering of all things; Winckelmann was a pedagogue in love, and willing to talk forever, so long as Wilhelmina was there looking on and smiling approbation, and the evening passed so pleasantly that the doctor insisted upon a repetition, and, indeed, could never afterwards take his evening meal without the presence of the only person in the village who could appreciate his stores of profundity.

This state of things could not, however, go on forever. As Winckelmann's health was getting up, so his purse was getting low; he felt that he must go, and he reserved to the last moment to bid a final farewell, and, at the same time, to avow the secret of his heart. One night that the doctor was kept away by business, Wilhelmina was on the balcony, and the young philosopher was walking mechanically towards it.

"I have come," he said, "to tell you that I love you, and that I am going to-morrow."

Wilhelmina vouchsafing no reply, we must suppose that she was so much moved as to be incapable of speech, and holding on perchance by the balusters. No doubt, at all events, Winckelmann thought so, for, seizing a ladder that happened to be close by, he hastened up to her assistance. It was the first time he had told his love, it was now the first time he took her in his arms. They had much to say to one another, many explanations of long concealed feelings to avow, but they were interrupted by the sound of horses, and soon some mounted soldiers stopped at the porch of the Golden Sun, knocking loudly for refreshment. As the moon peeped every now and then from beneath the clouds, they would be seen where they were, so Wilhelmina had perforce to say, "Come in;" and she was also obliged to give the young man her hand to guide him in the obscurity.

By the very earliest dawn of the next day Winckelmann was marching bravely on his way from Gelnhausen; but although his step was firm and elastic, his heart was heavy and his purse was nearly empty. There was no longer any chance of getting to Paris, so he resolved to stop at Ostelburg, the first town on his way, and seek for employment. He should also be not so far away from Wilhelmina. But he was not, he felt, precisely in a proper condition in which to present himself before any respectable person, so he stopped by the side of a little river to extemporize his toilette. He had taken his soap and razor out of his knapsack, and was about to stoop over the river, when suddenly he heard a post-chaise stop short, and out of it two ladies jumped, running towards him.

"Unfortunate youth! what are you going to do?" they both exclaimed at the same time.

"To shave myself!" replied the philosopher.

At this the two ladies began to laugh heartily. They thought that he was going to cut his throat. When they had somewhat recovered from their hilarity, however, they still stayed to make inquiries as to how it was that so nice a young man was reduced to making his toilette by the river-side. Winckelmann told his history with a charming simplicity, only he omitted the incident at Gelnhausen.

One of the ladies was, it is necessary to premise, young—the other middle-aged: in fact, the one was the mother, the other her fair and comely daughter. The mother said she regretted that they were going away, but her daughter would give him an introduction that might benefit him at Ostenburg.

"It is to my intended," said the young lady, as she shook out her tablets to write, "so I am sure he will pay attention to my recommendation."

That introduction was to Monsieur Speroni, a man of taste and learning, who appreciated Winckelmann's abilities, saw in them the germs of future greatness, assisted him in his studies, and then took him to Rome, where he introduced him to Cardinal Albani.

We must now fain pass over a lapse of twenty-seven years. Winckelmann, had, in 1768, taken his place among the most distinguished men of his time; he presided over the department of antiquities at Rome, and was chief librarian of the Vatican. He had just obtained a holiday, and was starting gayly with his friend, the sculptor Cavaceppi, one of the first objects that he proposed to himself on his travels being a visit to the family of his friends, the founders of his fortunes—the Speronis—for the young lady had wedded her intended, and they had now an only child, a grown-up daughter, and their place of residence was at this epoch Verona.

Unfortunately, it so happened that at the moment of Winckelmann's arrival at Verona, Madame Speroni and their daughter Cinthia had gone with the Senator Speroni to accompany him as far as Vicenza, on his way to Dussau, near Berlin, whither he was bound in connexion with a legacy left by a deceased aunt.

Winckelmann had thus several days of leisure to explore the city of Catullus, of Pliny the Elder, and of Paul Veronese. The city also of the Montagus and the Capulets, just as Genoa was that of the Dorias and Fieschis, Florence of the Pazzios and the Medicis, Milan of the Sforzas and the Viscontis, Rome of the Orsini and the Colonna, and all Italy of the Guelfs and the Ghibelins. But the resources of Verona in art and in archæology—and they are considerable—were soon exhausted by our enthusiast, and he resolved upon an excursion to the Villa Pollo, the seat of the Marquis Manfred Pollo, of whose marvels Cardinal Albani had spoken in the highest terms, and especially of a chef d'œuvre, a celebrated sarcophagus, taken from the Turks at the stadia of Olympus.

There were two peculiarities connected with the Villa Pollo, which must be here noticed. One was that the Marquis, upwards of sixty years of age, was reputed to have lost the greater part of his patrimony by gambling, and he led an utterly retired life, allowing the home of his ancestors to fall into ruin and neglect; another was that he had a son, about twenty-five years of age, Cinelli by name, and who was the accepted suitor of Cinthia Speroni, but unfortunately addicted to the same fatal passion, which seemed to be hereditary with the family.

It so happened that only a short time previous to Winckelmann's arrival at Verona, Cinelli had lost a large sum of money to a young adventurer who designated himself as Count Archangeli, and, pressed for payment, he had gone, as a last resource, to see what could be extracted from his aged parent, who lay buried as it were alive amidst the statues and relics of art and the mouldy mossy ruins of the Villa Pollo.

Only a few days had elapsed that he had been at the villa, and he had not as yet an opportunity, or, to speak more truly, fear had as yet prevented his broaching so painful a subject to the austere old recluse, when his valet Matheo opened the door of his room with due pomp, and gravely announced "Count Archangeli."

Now it need not be said that Archangeli was just as much a Count as the valet who opened the door. The name will remind the reader of the great doctor of Gelnhausen, but that was now twenty-seven years ago, and Wilhelmina's husband was even then an old man; so, unless we wish to perpetrate an anachronism, we must not confound the two.

"How amiable of you," said the unfortunate Cinelli, "to have come so far to see me."

"Why, you see, you were no longer to be met with."

"A charming surprise!"

"Is it not so?"

"But have you breakfasted?"

"Not that I know of. You see I came from Verona here on horseback, and, to tell you the truth, I am ravenously hungry."

The young men—blackleg and dupe—continued their sparring conversation whilst a repast, such as the place would afford, was being got ready.

"Do you know this place pleases me," remarked the Count; "it is wild, aged, and rather mouldy, if not ruinous; but still it is patrician, and it reminds me, indeed, of my own ancestral castle of—hum—in Moravia."

"Ah! indeed!" ventured Cinelli, looking up, as if it was a castle in the air instead of Moravia.

"Yes, it was given by Zwontibald, in the ninth century, to one of my ancestors, who had saved his life in a battle against the Magyars and Bohemians, and hence our surname of Archangeli—Archangel, or Arch-Saviour."

"That is an origin to be proud of," again ventured Cinelli, but with the same doubting smile. But still anything to keep the enemy from the dreaded question, so he listened as a good believer, and then proposed an excursion among the works of art. No one would have for a moment imagined that deception could have lurked beneath so much deference and courtesy. The evil moment came, however, when seated at breakfast the conversation fell upon what they had seen.

"I had heard," said the Count, "of the treasures that adorned this villa."

"Yes, it is so, and that is all."

"There are also the three thousand ducats you owe me, but that is nothing; and I assure you, if I was not going away to-morrow evening, I would not mention them."

"I regret very much that I have exceeded my resources," urged the young man, "and I really cannot pay you just now."

"Nonsense, exceeded your resources! I have often done so too. There are always ways for young noblemen to raise resources."

"Count!" said Cinelli, "you know that I am betrothed. I love Cinthia Speroni, as much as a gambler can love; all my dreams of happiness are centred in that union, and if I was to borrow money it would be broken off."

"There is your father, then."

"My father is inexorable."

"Well, then, I will give you a last chance," said Archangeli. "I will give you your revenge."

All the concentrated passions of the gambler were roused by the arch-fiend's proposal. The wine was passed rapidly, the Count produced the dice, two empty tumblers were used as boxes, and the victimiser and the victim were soon deeply engaged in a struggle, in which the life and welfare of the one were at stake. But what chance had he against loaded dice? Two fives and a four were met by three fives; even if he had thrown two sixes and a five, it seemed as if his antagonist could throw three sixes at his will. But when it came down to two threes and a two, the progress to ruin became proportionately swift. Excited to frenzy by despair, the young man proposed double and quits, till he was so beggared that he had not face to go on any longer.

"Providence is against me!" he exclaimed, tearing his hair from above the cold clammy dew on his forehead.

"I don't think that Providence has much taste for gambling," quietly observed the Count. "Only you must remember that I leave to-morrow evening."

"But I see no means of paying you in so brief a time."

"Well, if your father has no regard for honor, I will apply to the family of your intended."

"Not so long as I have a sword at my side," interrupted the youth.

"If it is an assassination you contemplate, two can play at that; if it is a duel, pay me my money first, and we will fight afterwards."

"Arch-fiend!" muttered Cinelli to himself. And then taking a last supreme resolve, he said out loud: "To-morrow, sir, you shall be paid."

The resolution that Cinelli had arrived at was to board the old Marquis in his den. But like many other brave resolves, it was easier formed than carried out. It was not without many trepidations and misgivings that he knocked humbly at the recluse's door. The aged Marquis was, as usual, in his library, where he generally spent the day, with hair unkempt and face unshaven, his garments old, tattered, and torn, apparently absorbed in his books; but those who had admission to his sanctuary, said much more so in his thoughts. A rumor was also current in the house that he did not rest comfortably at night, but would visit, at undue hours, when he deemed himself to be unseen by mortal eye, the pavilion, where, among other works of art, was the renowned sarcophagus of Olympia, and where rumor also asserted were hidden vast treasures, which he would glut over in his midnight rambles.

Cinelli entered with great circumspection, and, seating himself on a stool, instituted his most respectful inquiries regarding his aged parent's health. The Marquis grumbled out a few words in reply.

"The day is splendid," ventured the dutiful son. "If you would walk a little in the park, I thought I might offer you my arm."

The Marquis lifted his head, with a look which seemed to say, I wonder what is the meaning of this unwonted attention. But he merely observed:

"Leave me to my solitude, and go back to your pleasures."

"Pleasures!" observed the son. "Alas! I know the vanity of their pursuit." Then, after a long pause, which the Marquis did not care to break, he continued: "You are happier than I am. Look at that time piece, the pendulum has long ceased to vibrate, the spiders have spun their webs there; you have nothing to care for, or to fear from the lapse of hours. You are to be envied."

"Much to be envied, to be sure!" soliloquized the Marquis, aloud.

"As to me, I would not care," continued Cinelli, "if to-morrow should never come."

"And why so?" asked the old man.

"Father," he said, "I owe six thousand ducats, and I must pay them to-morrow."

"A gambling debt?"

"Yes, father."

"Then pay them yourself."

"But I have no money."

"You ought to have thought of that before you gambled."

Needless to say, that the ice once broken, Cinelli exerted himself to his utmost to win over the obdurate old man. He depicted in eloquent language the dishonor of the family, dwelt upon his love for Cinthia, declared that he had no other wish but to live for her and his father, to bring back life to the old domain, and surround the last days of the Marquis with domestic comforts and attentions.

The old man remained inflexible.

"I would cut my hand off," he said, "rather than it should be used to feed your guilty passions."

Cinelli, finding that nothing could be accomplished by entreaties, passed over to threats.

"I am here," he exclaimed, "with my ancestors. I know you have a hidden treasure; I will find it out."

The Marquis cast a look, in which surprise, horror, contempt, and pity seemed to be mingled, and then, without vouchsafing a word, withdrew from the room.

We must now go back in our story to the worthy archæologist, who we had left wending his way to the Villa Polla. He had arrived there at the very time that the scenes above related were being enacted. He had written a note to the custodio Matheo, and had learnt in return that it was the Marquis's orders that no stranger should be admitted to see the villa upon any consideration whatsoever. But this did not drive our enthusiast away at once. To come from Rome to Verona, and from Verona to Villa Polla, expressly to see the sarcophagus, and to return discomfited? That would never do. So he would stay and explore the approaches. Taking up his quarters in a neighboring hostelry, he ascertained that the garrison was composed of the barbarian Marquis, of Matheo, his wife, and daughter. He had endeavored to bribe the intendant, but found that that was not his weak point. He heard incidentally that he was partial to the excellent wine dispensed at Notre Dame de Pillar, as his hostelry was designated. So he adopted a plan of operations. Summoning the waiter, Beppo, to his presence, a kind of rustic Hercules, he offered to pay the expenses, and further to reward him handsomely, if he could overcome Matheo in a drinking-bout. The proposal was one that suited Beppo's inclinations remarkably. Even if he failed, and Matheo was known to be no unworthy adversary, he should at all events have his fill of wine; so he closed at once, without troubling himself as to the why or wherefore of this singular request. Our antiquary, however, got nothing by the move. When midnight came, and our host had to close his house, there was, it is true, a long row of empty bottles, but neither of the champions had given in. Matheo walked away with all the honors due to so stout a drinker; and as to Beppo, he declared that he was ready to renew the combat the ensuing evening. Winckelmann was discomfited.

Fortune, however, favored him the next evening where strategy had failed. He was walking round the park, seeking for some breach or practicable opening, when he heard voices within. He waited, listening. Soon a ladder was placed against the wall, and a young man ascended it; then, kissing his hand to some unknown below, he let himself down outside. Our archæologist deemed it a fitting opportunity to present himself.

"How is this?" inquired Winckelmann. "Is this the way in which people leave the premises of others?"

The young man thought it must be the Marquis or Matheo himself, so he replied, confused, "It is I, Michel Filippi, son of the parish beadle."

"So, Michel," continued the archæologist, "you court Matheo's daughter—but why over the walls?"

"Sir," said the young man, seeing it was a stranger he had to do with, "I courted Zerline honestly, but the father said I was poor, and shut the door against me."

"And what if you had a small sum to set up with?" persevered the antiquary.

"I don't know how to get one," replied the youth, sighing.

At this moment the head of a young female protruded itself over the wall. It was Zerline: she had heard her lover interpellated on his descent, and, partly through fear and partly curiosity, she had mounted the latter.

"Why, I do believe," said Zerline, "it is the same gentleman who offered my father a large sum of money only to see the sarcophagus of Olympia."

"Precisely so, my pretty dear," joined in the antiquary.

"I tell you what, Michel," continued the intendant's daughter, "let him be here to-morrow night, at ten, with a dark lantern. I will provide the key and the ladder, and you shall show him the way, Michel, and see," she added, with a little emphasis highly pleasurable to the beadle's son, "will have the reward."

Cinelli remained for a brief space of time in the gloomy library after his father's departure. He walked up and down, he looked at the book-shelves—not at the books, he had no taste for musty old tomes—and then he beat the devil's tattoo on the windows. But that would not pay his debts; so, lifting up the sash, he vaulted into the open air. He did not care to run away; that would do no good; nor yet did he care to have another tete-a-tete with his dear friend Archangeli; besides, he had another project in view; so, secreting himself in the shrubbery, he hung about for many weary hours, till the parish clock struck the midnight hour. It was not long after that he became assured that some one was approaching. He looked out of his hiding-place, and, half in terror, half in hope, he made out that it was his aged parent, his clothes and his hair all in disorder, carrying a dark lantern. Measuring his steps by those of the old man, the son followed the father. They thus traversed together a long alley, which led up to the peristyle of the pavilion. The father opened the gate, but did not close it after him. The son still followed, letting his footsteps fall with those that preceded him. The Marquis neither looked to the right nor to the left, but, walking between an avenue of statues, he went right up to the sarcophagus. Arrived there, he knelt down, as if in prayer, and, at the same time, as if overwhelmed with grief. The son stood motionless a few paces behind him. It was a sad, a strange scene, with nothing but the marble statues looking down upon it. But we are wrong; there was a witness, and an unwilling one, too, to this sad scene. This was the very night that Winckelmann had been admitted by the lovers to visit the sarcophagus. Disturbed in his examination by the sound of approaching footsteps, he had just time to blow out his light and hide himself behind a Pallas of Velletri, when father and son came in. It can be imagined with what mingled surprise and terror the unfortunate archæologist contemplated the scene now being enacted before his eyes.

The old man had risen up, and had, with the most painful effort, approached to lift up the cover of the sarcophagus.

"He spoke of my treasure," he muttered aloud. "Heaven preserve him from having to keep one like it."

At this moment Cinelli rushed forward. "It is there, then, is it?"

The old man turned round, and looking at his son, he simply said, "What do you want?"

"Gold!" was the reply, but in a voice rendered husky by emotion.

"There is none here," replied the Marquis.

"That we shall see," said the young man. And, drawing a dagger from his bosom, he held it against the breast of his aged parent.

Winckelmann felt a strong impulse to step forward and interfere. But nature had made him an archæologist and not a warrior, and fear kept him nailed to the spot where he stood. The greatest mental effort he was capable of was to wish himself heartily in the caves of Ellora or at the foot of the Pyramids—anywhere but near the sarcophagus of Olympia.

In the meantime, the old man had approached the sarcophagus, and, lifting off the cover, as if he had suddenly regained the strength of youth,

"Look!" he said, "here is my treasure!"

"A dead body!" exclaimed Cinelli, stepping back in horror.

"Look at it," said the old man; "look at it well, and then look at me! I also am a parricide, as you will probably be. There is your grandfather, and it was I who killed him! I, like you, had lost large sums in gambling—I, like you, had exhausted all my resources. I applied to him, as you have done to me. He refused me, as I did you, and I killed him for his gold, as you are about to kill me. Expiation! For now nigh a quarter of a century my days are without repose, and my nights without rest. I come here to weep for my crime and to ask forgiveness, but it is in vain. And now there is my treasure—the treasure that you wish to rob me of at the sacrifice of my life. Take it, and bury your crime—there is room for two in the sarcophagus!" And the old Marquis, exhausted by excitement, fainted away. When he came to himself again, Cinelli, humbled and ashamed, helped him from the dark and cold scene of horror.

Needless to say that our archæologist followed the moment that he deemed that the coast was open. The first breath that he took of the open air seemed to be the most delightful he had ever inspired. When he got back to Verona—for it is needless to say he had nothing to detain him any longer at Villa Pollo—the Speronis, mother and daughter, had returned from Vicenza, and it may be imagined with what delight they received the visits of a man who was indebted to Madame Speroni for his first step in life, and who, on the other hand, had on his side reflected by his European fame so much gratification for a first kindly aid and patronage. But there was nothing but grief and trouble on the part of Winckelmann. He had heard of the ties that united the daughter of his patroness to the son of the Marquis Pollo; he knew that Cinelli loved Cinthia dearly, and he soon ascertained that the young man's passion was returned with all the warmth of a Southern blood, unpolluted by contamination with the world. But that so fair and pure a person—the daughter, too, of those to whom he was so deeply indebted—should wed the son of a parricide, and one whom he had seen on the eve of being a parricide himself, he felt never could be permitted. But, then again, how could he communicate the evil tidings to Madame Speroni and her daughter? Cinelli had returned to Verona, and daily rode past the window, and he felt that to unmask the villain would be most assuredly followed by one of those acts of revenge which are usually consummated at the angle of a doorway or in some dark passage. He thought that he could, on leaving Verona, go to Dussau, and give full information to the father; and, having come to this final resolve, he abided gloomily and impatiently the hour of his departure.

This was soon determined upon. Portmanteaus were packed, the horses ordered, and our antiquary had bidden farewell to the Speronis. It was about six o'clock in the evening.

"I am going," said Winckelmann to his friend the sculptor, "to take a last look at the amphitheatre."

And he went forth from the house. The monument in the Place Bra is the finest of its kind, after the Coliseum of Rome, and could hold fifty to sixty thousand spectators. Our archæologist was returning from this last act of artistic devotion, when his attention was painfully aroused by seeing two young persons, attended upon by an elderly female, and whom he felt certain were Cinthia and Cinelli, enter the church of San Giorgio Maggiore. He hesitated for a moment what to do; the old woman had stopped at the entrance, too, and might know him; still danger was imminent, and, hiding his face as much as possible, he got unperceived into the church. Following the couple to a side-chapel, he was soon enabled to overhear their conversation to a certain extent, but not satisfactorily so. In the first place, they spoke low, out of respect for the edifice they were in; and secondly, because they probably did not wish to be overheard. Neither, however, dreamed that the perpetual archæologist was behind a column close by. He could catch a word or two, but the theme of the conversation was inaudible. At last, to some proposal on the part of Cinelli, he heard a very distinct "Never!" in reply.

"It must be done!" insisted Cinelli, with more emphasis than before.

"To fly!" observed the young girl; "that would be very wicked!"

This was a sad transition from the "never," and the antiquary began to shake in his shoes.

But the conversation was prolonged, the one pleading and praying, the other opposing. All that Winckelmann could distinctly make out was that Cinelli covered his baseness by merely proposing that Cinthia should place herself under the protection of an aunt that he had at Mantua. He admitted that he gambled, and was in difficulties; her father, he said, would oppose their union, but did they not love one another, and were they not affianced? and when once they were married under the auspices of the old aunt, parents must forgive, and all would be right, and nothing but boundless felicity in store! And so the loving girl allowed herself to be persuaded, and before they had retired the antiquary had the poignant misery of knowing that she had given her consent to an early elopement.

To wait now till he saw the father at Dussau would be of no avail, so, making up his mind to a bold and definite step, Winckelmann countermanded the horses for next morning, and no sooner was it eight o'clock than he sent his card to the young Count Cinelli.

Now the said Count, who spent his nights at the club, was not in the best of humors at being disturbed shortly after he had retired to rest; but when he read the card, and found that the individual to whom it belonged was not well known throughout Italy, but was also a particular friend of the Speronis, he so far controlled himself as to give him a polite reception, only that after the usual compliments of the day, he drifted with some impatience into what was uppermost in his mind—to what could he be indebted for this early visit?

Now Winckelmann, as we have before said, was an antiquary, a man of the past, not a man of this world; his only escapade of early youth was associated with certain reminiscences of more than a quarter of a century back at Gelnhausen, but a long time had elapsed since he had been wedded for good to the more simple and sole pursuit of art. He accordingly felt a proportionate reluctance on the present occasion, and he had to do far more violence to his customary habits of pro-

ceeding to come to this point that many others would have felt under the same circumstances. So it was not till after much parrying with the matter in view, wiping his spectacles over and over again, and coughing himself almost hoarse, that he ventured sundry disjointed sentences about Cinthia and the evils of gambling, almost in a breath.

Cinelli, who had been all the time under restraint, broke out upon this.

"I am a gambler, am I! Well, why did you not say so at once? But if I have spent a night or two at the club, if I have lost a miserable sum of money, am I on that account to give up all my hopes for the future? Unless Mademoiselle Speroni herself orders me to hope no longer for her hand, I can tell you that nothing in the world will induce me to renounce it."

"And is it," ventured the antiquary, "in order to ensure success that you carry her off to-night or to-morrow morning?"

The young Count cast one of those looks at the tremulous archæologist which reminded him of the sarcophagus of Olympia. To the interpellation, however, as to what right he had to ask such a question, he plucked up moral courage sufficient to explain succinctly the conversation he had overheard the previous evening at San Giorgio Maggiore.

"Well, then," said the young man, "granted that you denounce us to Madame Speroni, that Cinthia is placed under surveillance, we love one another, and we will overcome all obstacles."

"If you persist," said Winkelmann, rising from his seat, and his nature roused as much as that of a man of his pacific pursuits could ever be, "I will bring up the sarcophagus of Olympia between you and her."

"This is too much!" exclaimed the young man, jumping at the door and turning the key twice; "simple and modest antiquary as you profess to be, you know too much to go out of this room alive."

Now, our worthy archæologist did not hold by life, merely for living sake, more than other people. All persons, when it becomes a question of life and death, have some matters of business to arrange, a family to provide for—anything but their own personal feelings are declared to be most concerned in the matter. Winckelmann had his "History of Art," which was actually in the press, to see through the proofs, so he thought he had gone too far, and that he would temporise. So, seeing that Cinelli had taken possession of a very ominous looking dagger, he observed:

"I have a friend who is waiting for me at the hotel. What will you say to him when he comes here to ask after me?"

"How did you become acquainted with those facts," roughly interpellated the young man, "which you dare to allude to in my presence?"

"I was in the pavilion at the villa the very night the scene took place between your father and yourself."

"Alone?"

"Alone."

"And have you told any one of it?"

"No one; but I have left a letter in my friend's hands by way of precaution, divulging all matters, and to be given at ten o'clock to Madame Speroni, if I should fail to make my appearance." There was no truth in all this; but may not a philosopher be excused a little subterfuge, especially when it is not in the interests of science? Cinelli hesitated. All that he proposed to himself to gain by assassinating the antiquary slipped through his fingers, and he changed his tactics.

"Swear," he said, "by Heaven, by science, by art, by all that you hold most sacred in this world, that never a word of all this shall pass your mouth, and I will spare you!"

"I swear it," replied the terrified archæologist.

"Then you may go," said the Count. "But mark me! wherever you go you shall be followed, and if you break your promise you are a dead man. And more," he said, as Winckelmann was hastening away, "you had better leave Verona at once, for if I was to meet you in some lonely spot, I might—darkness and isolation favoring impunity—regret my weakness. Begone!"

Winckelmann did not wait for the mandate to be repeated. With as many bounds rather than steps he regained his hotel, and, to his friend's infinite delight, he ordered the horses to be at once put to.

"Ah, my friend!" he said to the sculptor Cavaceppi, "you have saved my life!"

"Saved your life!" exclaimed the astounded chiseller. "How have I done that?"

"Oh, that is a mystery!" replied the antiquary; "but let us be off. If the ruins of Thebes and of Delos, of Agrigentum and of Persopolis, of Cyzicus and of Mytilene, of Babylon and of Nineveh were placed at my disposal, I would not stay in this city another hour. I have had nothing but trouble since I came into it."

The young Count, having removed all obstacles by this coup d'etat, was not long in availing himself of the field thus left open to him, and after pleading his cause twice more at San Giorgio Maggoire, with an eloquence all the more vehement, inasmuch as love was backed by fear and the prospect of gain, the unfortunate Cinthia was prevailed upon to allow herself to be removed clandestinely to the protection of the so-called aunt at Mantua, but which lady was, in reality, a creature in the Count's pay, whose antecedents it would be anything but instructive or delectable to dwell upon.

As to Winckelmann, he did not go to Dusau. He crossed the Alps and visited Augsburg, Munich and Vienna, from which latter city he gloomily retraced his steps to Trieste, whilst the companion of his travels wended his way to Berlin. Several times he felt that he ought to go and see M. Speroni; he was so much indebted to him that he ought to divulge all he knew; he had taken an oath, it was true; but then, again, such an oath, where such interests were at stake, and wrought from him under fear of death, ought not to be binding. However, apprehensions of a sinister description would come over him, and he wished himself at his books and works of art in the Vatican, away from the turmoils and corruption of the world. His apprehensions were not a little sustained by having observed that throughout his travels he was accompanied by a man who followed him like his shadow, watching his every movement, and listening even to the words that fell from his lips like the spy of the Council of Ten, so admirably depicted by Victor Hugo in his "Angelo."

This man called himself Count Archangeli.

The two had got down at the Albergo della Villa at Trieste, and Winckelmann had ordered dinner.

"Does monsieur's son dine with him?" inquired the gracious host.

"What son?" asked the archæologist.

"I beg your pardon," bowed the host, "but really there is such a striking resemblance. Yet, now I remember, how stupid of me, monsieur's name is Winckelmann, and the young man calls himself Archangeli."

"Archangeli!" exclaimed the antiquary, and reminiscences long exploded came back with none the less freshness and effect from not being frequently indulged in. "The young man may dine with me if he likes," he hastened to add; and when, after a cursory toilette de voyage, he took his seat at the dinner-table, he found the gentleman who had so long dodged his footsteps occupying a chair opposite to him.

Our worthy archæologist sat and scanned his fellow-traveller's features with a degree of curiosity which at first amused and then seemed to very much annoy the individual who was subjected to this scrutiny.

"Twenty-seven years ago," said Winckelmann to himself, "and that is about his age. And then, again, I had a letter from Wilhelmina," he added with a sigh.

"Your name," he at length said, breaking a long silence, "is Archangeli?"

"Count Archangeli, of the Castle of—hum—in Moravia, descendant of the counts of that name, at your service," vouchsafed his excellency.

"That will never do," thought the single-hearted antiquary; "my friend was a doctor—a little bit of a quack, perhaps—but this is a Count."

Winckelmann never dreamt that the doctor's diploma and the Count's pedigree were of precisely the same authenticity. But he was not to be put down at once. There was something about the young man's appearance, something in his features, added to his age and name, that made him feel sure that he was on the right track. And then, again, had not the host—a disinterested witness—testified to his paternity? So Winckelmann was only the more obsequious the more his noble friend was haughty and distant. Intimacy went on, indeed, so rapidly, that at length he ventured to inquire if the Count had ever been at Gelnhausen.

"What is Gelnhausen?" observed the great man, with a curl of his lip, but with his ears erect on hearing the name of the village where he was born. "Where is the place?"

"A place of no importance," the antiquary continued, "near Ostelburg, but I knew there a physician who bore your name."

"Some village Esculapius, I suppose. I wonder he had the audacity to assume so honored a name. Had he come in my way, I would have—"

"Don't! don't!" interrupted the antiquary. "He is a good man. You would not have injured him even if I did," added Winckelmann to himself. "But how old are you, Count?"

"I believe I number twenty-seven years."

"Yes, just about twenty-eight years ago," said the antiquary, speaking aloud to himself. "Doctor Archangeli," he continued, addressing his new acquaintance, "married a charming young person, Wilhelmina Butler. She may have been your mother."

"Don't know her," said the other, in so emphatic and brutal a tone, that Winckelmann, whose only strength lay in following up an inquiry he had once set his mind upon, found himself defeated on his own ground.

An acquaintanceship had, however, been established between the two which made, as before said, rapid progress. The Count, since he must watch the antiquary, could do so with much greater facilities under the cloak of friendship than otherwise, so he was only too ready to favor the advances made by the archæologist, who, despite everything, could not disembarrass himself of the impressions first received.

In order the better to forward his objects, the adventurer pretended a great love for art and antiquity, and it was together that they visited the Museum of Antiquities, the cathedral, Santa Maria Maggiore, San Antonio Nuovo, and the frescoes of Grigoletti. In the warmth of his affection, the old man hoped to win over the young one to the same pursuits as himself, and to obtain a place for him in the Vatican. All doubts as to his origin had been dissipated by seeing a letter come for Archangeli with the post-mark of Gelnhausen. He made him the confidant even of his secret, and told him, without divulging names, of the one which most oppressed his conscience, and in which he said he was soon determined to do what he considered to be his duty, no matter at what cost. He even wrote a letter, in order, as he said, to pass the Rubicon, proposing to himself to follow it up by a personal visit to M. Speroni at Dussau.

Archangeli, by kindly offering to take the latter to the post, secured the missive, and sending it to Cinelli, the latter came to Trieste to hold council with his emissary, and they met, as afterwards came out in the trial, at the Caffe della Stella Polare on the 7th of June, 1768, and where they conversed for two hours, the young Count returning afterwards to his pretended aunt's.

The next day Winckelmann was seated at his table writing to his editor, when Archangeli came in.

"I hope I don't disturb you, my dear master?"

"Not at all, I am delighted to see you; you will go with me to Dusseau."

"Are you really going, then?"

"I am off in two hours; you see my portmanteau is ready."

Archangeli took two or three turns in the room. However hardened a villain may be, it is not easy always to act in cold blood. At last he stopped at a resolve.

"Well, then, dear master," he said, "since we must part, allow me to contemplate once more these magnificent gold medals that were presented to you by the court of Vienna."

"Certainly," replied the antiquary; and he at once stooped down to unlock his portmanteau. Archangeli stepped up at the same moment behind, and slipped a rope with a running knot over the old man's head. But it caught at the chin.

"What, miserable man!" he exclaimed, seizing the rope with one hand, "thou, whom I love as my son!"

But the assassin, for an answer, drew forth a poniard and struck at Winckelmann.

"Ah!" he said, "I understand—the threat of Count Cinelli. Oh, the ways of Providence! An expiation, perchance!"

And from that moment he made no further effort at defending himself, but seemed as if resigned to his fate. The assassin plunged his dagger five different times into his breast, and then taking possession of the medals, he went out of the room. But the master passion was, as usual, strong even in death, and Winckelmann had still life enough to crawl to the window and to cry out, "Thief! They have taken my medals. Stop thief!" Hence it was that Archangeli was arrested as he was getting over the walls of the hotel. Letters were found upon his person that at once established the complicity of Count Cinelli. They were addressed from the villa to which Cinthia had been removed. Madame Speroni had, in the meantime, sent word to M. Speroni of Cinthia's abduction, and the latter had hastened away from Dussau for Verona. He was passing through Trieste the very day of Winckelmann's murder, which was in everybody's mouth. Himself a magistrate and a senator, he made inquiries, and ascertaining the whereabouts of Cinelli, he at once posted to Mantua, and surrounded the house with sbirri, whilst he himself rushed up to the Count. After taxing him with his crimes, the abduction of his daughter and his complicity in the murder of the unfortunate archæologist, he left him five minutes to destroy himself. A few seconds afterwards Count Cinelli had taken his own wretched existence. Cinthia Speroni was removed from the villa to the convent of the Camaldull, near Arezzo, in the Apennines, where she spent the rest of her miserable days. Archangeli, after a trial which caused an immense sensation throughout Italy, was executed at Trieste. Poor Wilhelmina travelled from Gelnhausen to see for the last time her son, who had been an instrument to doubly punish her one fault, but she reserved to herself the secret and the responsibility before Heaven of an unintentional and unknown act of parricide.

THE GRAVE OF IRVING.

We take the following from the last paper of "Rus-Urban Rambles," in the New York Evening Post:—

"Burns is not more closely associated with Ayr, or Scott with Abbotsford, or Shakspeare with Stratford, than is Washington Irving with Tarrytown. Here he spent his maturer years and old age, and here, amid the affectionate regrets of every one, is the place he breathed his last. All who attended his funeral will remember that exquisite day when, as if in kindly remembrance of the event, the cold and icy winds of December retired, and it seemed as if spring had come again.

"Washington Irving's grave is in the upper and more modern part of the cemetery, for the lower part, near the old church, contains the dead of revolutionary times. The Irving family lie in a row of graves, the burial lot being surrounded with a green hedge. Thick, low, white slabs, each exactly similar to the other, alone mark the graves. There is no pretentious monument. The father and mother of *the* Irving lie side by side, their tombs bearing these inscriptions:—

"WILLIAM IRVING—Died October 25, 1807, aged 76 years, 1 month and 11 days.

"SARAH SANDERS, wife of William Irving—Died April 9, 1817, aged 78 years, 11 months and 15 days.

"Next to these, at the foot of the whitest stone, lies the freshest grave. It is the grave that was opened and closed on that sweet—that almost unnaturally sweet—December day, and the pure white stone bears these words:—

"WASHINGTON,
"Son of William and Sarah S. P. Irving,
"Died November 28, 1859, aged 76 years, 3 months and 25 days.

"Some friendly hand has thrown a wreath of immortelles upon the grave. The gate that leads to the burial lot is open, as if it were often visited, and the morning sunlight flickers in checkered play upon the grass and tombstones as it filters tremblingly through the leaves—everything quiet and serene, like the closing years and calm death and gentle soul of him who left his Sunnyside cottage home for this Sunnyside grave."

☞ The law is a pretty bird, and has charming wings 'Twould be quite a bird of paradise if it didn't carry such a terrible bill.

☞ "Mamma," said an inquisitive little lady of some six summers, "what makes the sea so hot in a storm?" "Hot, my dear!" mamma answered; "what makes you think it is hot?" "Why, mamma, I have just been reading about the *boiling* waves."

☞ One thousand patents for alleged improvements in ploughs have been issued since the formation of our government.

☞ A countryman, who got a situation at the West end of London, on entering a room where there was a globe with gold-fish, exclaimed—"Well, this is the first time I ever saw red herrings alive!"

WHAT IS NEEDED FOR OUR WOUNDED.

In the first place, the surgeons state that much of the *lint* sent is not properly prepared, and, in most cases, cannot be used. Most persons who prepare lint go to the trouble of *scraping* it, which is not only unnecessary labor, but the lint thus prepared can be used only in exceptional cases. The proper way to prepare it is to take old sheets, or any other article of *pure linen*, old being rather preferable to new, and cut it in pieces from three to six and twelve inches in length. These pieces should then be simply *unravelled*, thread by thread, and laid together in skeins or bundles, and tied or rolled up in paper, different lengths in separate packages. The surgeons can then roll it up or put it in any shape wanted in a moment. When *scraped lint* is used in most wounds, it closes up the wounds, and the blood or pus uniting with it forms a hard mass, which not only irritates, but is difficult to remove; while the unravelled lint keeps the wound cool and in a healthy condition. The reader will see also that it is much more easily prepared than the scraped lint.

Bandages should be made of unbleached muslin of medium quality, say such as can be bought for ten or twelve cents per yard. They should be four, six, eight and ten yards long, and ranging in width from ½ to 4 inches wide—say, ½ inch, 1, 1½, 2, 2½, 3, 3½, 4 inches. The edges should be cleared of all ravels or loose threads, which cause delay or annoyance to the surgeon in applying them in an emergency. Each size of bandage should be rolled up in ribbon style.

Pads for wounded limbs are in demand. These are made of old calico, or anything that will hold sawdust or bran—the latter being preferable. They are made in the form of bags, of three sizes—4 inches by 6, 8 by 12, and 12 by 18. When filled there is enough bran put in to make them of a uniform thickness. These are used to lay under wounded limbs. They may be filled by those who make them, if preferred, though the material for filling can easily be had convenient to the hospitals.

Another article much in demand is sand bags. These are muslin bags, which go in pairs, and are used in the improved method of treating fractures of the lower extremities. One of them should be long enough to reach from the hip on the outside, and the other from the crochet, on the inside of the leg, to a point two or three inches below the foot. They should be 3 or 4 inches wide at the lower end and 5 or 6 at the top. They are filled with sand at the hospitals. These are now used instead of splints for fractures of the lower extremities, which is said to be a great improvement over the old style of treating fractures.

In addition to the foregoing, old handkerchiefs, common shirts (open in front and tied with strings) and under clothes of all kinds are constantly in demand. Jellies suitable for convalescents, and oranges and lemons, are also always acceptable; but cakes, pies, and pastry generally should be kept out of both camp and hospital.

To persons visiting military hospitals we would also say a word. In entering a ward you should not distribute oranges or the like to the inmates unless you have enough to give all. Surgeons and nurses say that it is no less painful to them than to the slighted ones to see a distinction made among men who are equally brave and deserving. Sick and wounded soldiers are naturally sensitive. Away from home, with nothing to engage their attention but their own sufferings, their thoughts naturally run on the friends, the affections and the comforts which they sacrificed for the sake of their country. They, therefore, see and feel a slight where none may have been intended. If you have anything to give, and cannot treat all alike, it is better to give it to the nurse or the surgeon, to be added to the general stock, out of which all will be supplied alike as their necessities may require.

☞ A writer in the London Field, in response to an inquiry how a frog or toad would grow without taking nourishment, replies as follows:—"I might ask you other questions. How do briefless barristers live? How do young medical practitioners live? How do poor curates? Providence, that feeds the ravens, can alone tell; but surely you will not deny to the lower vitality of the frog and toad the power of living and growing upon nothing, exemplified in the higher organizations of law, physic and divinity."

☞ AN HUMBLE FAITH.—In the meditation of divine mysteries, keep thy heart humble, and thy thoughts holy; let philosophy be not ashamed to be confuted, nor logic blush to be confounded; what thou canst not prove, approve; what thou canst not comprehend, believe; and what thou canst believe, admire; so shall thy ignorance be satisfied in thy faith, and thy doubts swallowed up with wonders. The best way to see daylight is to put out thy candle.

☞ SCOTLAND.—Scotland has a population of only 3,062,294, and the increase in ten years has been but six per cent. But then the canny Scots are found everywhere.

☞ When the Icelander awakes, he salutes no person until he has saluted God. He usually hastens to the door, adores there the Author of Nature and Providence, then steps back into the dwelling, saying to his family, "God grant you a good day!"

☞ There is no truer test of affection and admiration than that of being kissed in sleep; but unfortunately it is one of which the receiver is not conscious; for to be kissed out of it is, though often, not always, quite so sincere and disinterested.

☞ BOUNTIES.—Stratham, N. H., pays $500 bounty to recruits, and Durham $440.

☞ ENCOURAGING TO VEGETARIANS.—In Monravia there is a man living, a peasant, who is 147 years old, and still hale and hearty. He was formerly a soldier, and remarried at the age of 90. He lives on milk and potatoes.

THE ENROLLMENT IN PENNSYLVANIA.

We have returns from a number of the counties as follows:—

Whole number enrolled in the county of Philadelphia	99,701
Number in Pennsylvania regiments	19,223

There is also said to be about 4,000 enlisted in other than Pennsylvania regiments. Even this, we are inclined to think, does not give Philadelphia her full enlistment, as the corrected list will probably prove.

CHESTER COUNTY.

Whole number enrolled	13,299
Number in Pennsylvania regiments	3,067
Number in other regiments	120

BERKS COUNTY.

Whole number enrolled	17,757
Number in Pennsylvania regiments	3,093

The enrollment in Reading is 5,067. Of the number now in the army the city has sent 1,561, and the county 1,541, from which it will be seen that the city beats the county ten men.

LEBANON COUNTY.

Whole number enrolled	6,147
Number in Pennsylvania regiments	1,176
Number in other regiments	35

CARBON COUNTY.

Whole number enrolled	4,586
Number in Pennsylvania regiments	1,118

LEHIGH COUNTY.

Whole number enrolled	8,831
Number in Pennsylvania regiments	1,111

BUCKS COUNTY.

Whole number enrolled	13,300
Enrolled in Pennsylvania regiments	2,048
Other regiments	205
Navy	24

MONTGOMERY COUNTY.

Whole number enrolled	10,933
Enrolled in Pennsylvania regiments	3,328

ADAMS COUNTY.

Whole number enrolled	5,050
Enrolled in Pennsylvania regiments	635
Other regiments	80

NORTHAMPTON COUNTY.

Whole number enrolled	9,028
Enrolled in Pennsylvania regiments	1,639

MONROE COUNTY.

Whole number enrolled	3,238
Enrolled in Pennsylvania regiments	460

FRANKLIN COUNTY.

Whole number enrolled	6,040
Enrolled in Pennsylvania regiments	1,225

CUMBERLAND COUNTY.

Whole number enrolled	6,753
Enrolled in Pennsylvania regiments (including all teamsters)	1,426

DAUPHIN COUNTY.

Whole number enrolled	9,618
Enrolled in Pennsylvania regiments	1,805

DELAWARE COUNTY.

Whole number enrolled	6,052
Enrolled in Pennsylvania regiments	1,506
Other states and Marine	220

PERRY COUNTY.

Whole number enrolled	4,446
Enrolled in Pennsylvania regiments.	1,079

The Aggregate Quota of Troops to be Raised by Each County.

The aggregate quota of troops to be raised by each county of the Commonwealth is now officially ascertained. These quotas *include* the number already supplied by the counties.

By direction of the Military Bureau, the names of all persons who have enlisted in the regular army, in the navy, in the marine service, or who were among the volunteers for three months, or who are acting as teamsters, blacksmiths, bridge builders, carpenters, clerks in military departments, &c., will be omitted from the credit of the different boroughs, wards, precincts, and townships for troops already furnished. The number of troops already furnished by such borough, ward or district, not included in the above citation of classes not exempt, will be deducted from the grand aggregate quota of each county, by its military commissioner. The number of troops so furnished by each county has not yet been officially ascertained, as the Deputy Marshals have not yet made their returns to the Military Bureau.

There will also probably be a special draft to fill up the old regiments in the field, although the probability of such special draft is remote. I have, however, annexed the amount of the special quota of each county in such event, as officially ascertained:—

	Regular Aggregate.	*Special.*
Adams	1,646	333
Allegheny	10,583	2,144
Armstrong	2,124	429
Beaver	1,725	349
Bedford	1,577	319
Berks	5,533	1,119
Blair	1,634	331
Bradford	2,944	596
Bucks	3,758	759
Butler	1,986	402
Cambria	1,725	350
Cameron	278	56
Carbon	1,250	254
Chester	4,397	890
Centre	1,593	323
Clarion	1,504	304
Clinton	1,045	213
Clearfield	1,113	225
Columbia	1,447	293
Crawford	2,885	584
Cumberland	2,377	481
Dauphin	2,861	579
Delaware	1,801	363
Erie	2,523	501
Elk	344	70
Fayette	2,353	478
Franklin	2,485	503
Fulton	539	108
Forest	53	10
Green	1,436	290
Huntingdon	1,659	334
Indiana	1,993	403
Jefferson	1,083	219
Juniata	959	194
Lancaster	6,860	1,370
Lawrence	1,366	276
Lebanon	1,766	357
Lehigh	2,878	582
Luzerne	5,358	1,083
Lycoming	2,209	447
Mercer	2,180	442
McKean	530	107
Mifflin	963	195
Monroe	987	200
Montgomery	4,147	837
Montour	771	156
Northampton	3,510	689
Northumberland	1,709	361
Perry	1,343	261
Philadelphia	33,414	6,762
Pike	433	84
Potter	674	125
Schuylkill	5,304	1,073
Snyder	890	180
Somerset	1,583	320
Sullivan	244	49
Susquehanna	2,157	435
Tioga	1,837	370
Union	837	169
Venango	1,482	300
Warren	1,133	230
Washington	2,783	563
Wayne	1,892	383
Westmoreland	3,178	643
Wyoming	744	150
York	4,095	811
Total	173,350	

NUMBER OF MEN IN THE MILITARY SERVICE

From the Different Counties.

The following are partial returns made to the Military Bureau by the Deputy Marshals of the different counties of the Commonwealth, exhibiting the number of men already in the service, and the number yet to be supplied by each county. The first column of figures represents the regular aggregate quotas of the several counties, (which is one-seventeenth of the population,) and does not include the special quotas to fill up the old regiments; the second column denotes the number of men already in service, and the third column represents the whole amount yet to be raised:—

TABLE.

County.	*Quota.*	*Number in Service.*	*To be Raised.*
Adams,	1646	655	991
Blair,	1634	1776	142 surplus.
Beaver,	1725	1356	364
Berks,	5532	2501	3031
Bucks,	3753	1989	764
Cambria,	1725	1446	279
Cameron,	278	171	107
Carbon,	1250	1118	132
Chester,	4397	2404	1993
Clinton,	1045	1058	13 surplus.
Dauphin,	2861	1814	1047
Delaware,	1801	1506	295
*Greene,	1436	1026	410
Huntingdon,	1659	937	723
Indiana,	1992	1693	299
Juniata,	959	699	260
Lawrence,	1366	1352	14
Lebanon,	1766	1209	557
Lehigh,	2878	1111	1767
McKean,	529	520	9
Mifflin,	963	845	118
Monroe,	987	460	527
Northampton,	2810	1711	1099
Perry,	1343	1079	264
Union,	837	806	31
†Somerset,	1583	1122	461

*Greene County has, in addition, supplied several hundred in the service of Virginia.

†Somerset has also supplied 138 men now in the service of the state of Virginia.

When men are accredited to other states, however, as the rule stands now, such men will not be included in the "number supplied," and, of course they cannot be deducted from the aggregate quota.

THE TROOPS SENT BY PHILADELPHIA.—A correspondent of the Inquirer, says:—By reference to the Marshal's returns, I notice the total number of men enlisted in this city, in Pennsylvania regiments, set down as 19,223. I think these figures must do great injustice to our city. An estimate, below, of the different regiments from Philadelphia, shows the aggregate to be 31,400, exclusive of those recently called into service, or with those added, 37,400. Now, although a number of the regiments are over-estimated, I do not think it possible that an accurate statement of the actual numbers who have gone to the war would fall so short of my estimate. How is this? Philadelphia should have the proper credit for what she has done.

Geary	1,500	Anderson Troop,	
Birney	1,500	Zouaves d'Afrique, and other	
Baxter	1,500	Independent	
California	1,200	companies	500
Lyle	1,000	Penn'a. Reserves,	
Morehead	1,000	Philadelphia	
Stainrook	1,000	companies furnished at least	
Murphy	1,000	one regiment	1,000
Angeroth	1,000	Bohlen's	1,000
Owens	1,000	CAVALRY.	
Jones	1,000	Rush	1,000
Gosline	1,200	Price	1,000
Gregory	1,000	Kentucky	
Small	1,000	(Young's)	1,000
Koltes	1,000	Friedman	1,500
Miller's	1,000	Chorman	1,000
Einstein	1,000	Harlan	1,000
McLean	1,000	Frishmuth	1,000
Patterson	1,000		
Chantry	1,000		
Segelsarth	500		
Total			31,400

NEWS ITEMS.

INTERESTING TO THOSE HAVING CONSCIENTIOUS SCRUPLES.—Those having conscientious scruples against war will be exempt, conditional upon a qualification to that effect, and a willingness to abide by a penalty to be fixed at the next session of our Legislature. The penalty to be a fine. This we have from reliable authority.—*Chester Co. Times.*

KINDS OF LINT WANTED.—There are three different kinds of lint wanted for our wounded soldiers; one the common scraped lint, another of ravelings about three or four inches long, laid smoothly together, and the third of ravelings cut into much shorter pieces.

BY the capture of a rebel mail in the vicinity of Fredericksburg, information has been obtained that the rebel General Ewell was killed in the late battle.

A PART of our forces at Aquia creek have been withdrawn. Five or six of our gunboats are lying in the vicinity. There is said to be no danger of the military stores falling into the hands of the enemy.

THE ORDER FOR DRAFTING.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune says: It is extremely doubtful whether there will be any draft for the old regiments, notwithstanding the admitted fact that it is extremely desirable to fill them up. Among the reasons which lead to this conclusion is the circumstance that by the Federal Constitution the States appoint officers for the militia, and that by the constitutions of several of the states these officers are elected by the men. This presents a serious practical difficulty when the question is of filling up regiments already offered.

CALIFORNIA MAILS.—Instructions have been received from the Department ordering all California mails to be sent by steamers via the Isthmus, until otherwise ordered. This is owing to the increasing Indian troubles upon a portion of the regular overland route. The steamers leave New York on the 1st, 11th and 21st of each month.

ALCOHOL FROM COAL GAS.—The French scientific papers are full of a discovery recently made by a young chemist, named Cotelle, by which he is able to extract alcohol from coal gas. The alcohol is stated to be of a very superior quality, notwithstanding which he is enabled to sell it at 25 francs the hectolitre; while alcohol of a very inferior description is sold at 75 francs. A company has been formed for working the patent.

TAKEN AT HER WORD.—A young lady of Chicago, a few days since, advertised that if and city railway conductor would enlist for the war she would take his place. The offer was accepted by Z. P. P. Beal, a conductor upon the Randolph street route. Hereafter the fair "Nellie" will take the fare.

MR. EMERY, connected with the Quartermaster's Department, who went down with other clerks to the aid of the wounded, and who left Centreville on Wednesday afternoon, says that in conversing with the rebel soldiers he found them, with one exception, (a Texan) expressing a wish that the war was over, and they were back under the old flag. With the officers, however, it was different, and, we may add, the officers made the war in the first place.

THE Iron-clad steamer Ovieto, now called the Florida, under the command of the pirate Maffit, has arrived at Cardenas. Three of our gunboats are waiting for her departure. The Florida mounts eight guns, and carries one hundred and fifty men. More men in Cuba are expected to join her. Her sides will repel any ordinary shot, it is said.

AT Cincinnati business is still suspended. A bridge of boats is being built across the Ohio at the foot of Walnut street. The publication of the Evening Times has been permitted. Gunboats are constantly patrolling the river for miles above and below the city. All citizens are obliged to be in their houses at 9 o'clock at night. Thousands of troops are arriving from the North.

AN AFFECTIONATE LETTER
FROM A SOLDIER TO HIS FAMILY.

The annexed letter, written by Lieut. Col. Stone, of the Fifth Connecticut, to his wife and children, on the eve of going into the late battle at Slaughter Mountain, in which he was killed, shows a thorough preparation for the event. We take it from the Danbury Times:—

CAMP NEAR CULPEPPER COURT HOUSE, Va., Monday, July 20, 1862.

My Dear Wife:—I expect that the time has nearly arrived when we shall have a bloody battle, as I understand to night that the enemy are crossing the Rapidan river, with twenty-five or thirty thousand men, and advancing towards us. If so, probably before you receive this we shall have fought one of the severest battles of the war. I have sat down to write you what to do if I should be so unfortunate as to fall on the field of battle. If I am killed, I wish to have Mr. William Montgomery to settle my affairs, pay all my debts, and with the remainder buy a small place for you and the children, where you could live comparatively comfortable with the pension you would receive from the Government. The children are now old enough to assist you some about the house, and in a few years, if they live, they will be grown to manhood, when I trust they will not forget their mother. I have endeavored, so far, to rear them to usefulness, and I cannot but believe that they will be a comfort to you, and an honor to society, living in the fear of God; if they are guided by His holy law, they cannot go astray.

If I should fall, my body would probably be sent home; I shall wish to be laid in the cemetery at Danbury, in a lot selected for my family.

It has been my desire and intention to have Theodore educated as a soldier, at West Point, if it were possible, and if practicable I wish it to be so. He is or will be well calculated for a soldier, having the right temperament and constitution. Melly is active and will succeed anywhere if rightly directed and watched over. Seymour, the dear little fellow, I hope will outgrow his misfortune, and if possible should have a good education, that will fit him for any kind of business. If I judge rightly, he will acquire knowledge faster than either of the others.—All of them are so constituted that they will be easier and better governed by kindness than by harsh treatment. Every care should be taken in rearing our little girl, as her future happiness depends more upon her disposition and amiableness of character, than does that of men; women are more dependent than the other sex.

You must think strange that I write you thus, for it is my duty to you all; and as it could not be done after I am killed, it is quite proper, and but justice to you that I should do it now, while the opportunity offers. * *

And now, my dear wife, be of good cheer. If it should please the Lord to take me from you, He has promised to be the widow's God and Father to the fatherless. His promises are sure! And if we meet no more on earth, I hope to meet in heaven, where there shall be no more wars, or rumors of war, and the weary are at rest. No man could lose his life in a nobler cause; and although it would be a great pleasure to me to spend the remainder of my life in the midst of my family, and assist in rearing our dear children and prepare them to fight the battle of life, still I should detest myself if I could quietly look on and refrain from lending a helping hand in this our country's emergency. As our Heavenly Father has not supplied me with means to assist pecuniarily, I must use what He has given me—my good right arm!

And now, my dear wife, may God in His infinite mercy protect you, and assist you to rear up our dear children in the fear of His Holy name.

My Dear Children—This may be the last time I shall ever address you, and I wish to give you a little advice, which will be of great benefit to you in your intercourse with your fellow-men through life. First of all, obey the will of your Heavenly Father; by doing this you will always enjoy His favor. One of His commandments is to honor and obey your parents. I know you all love your kind mother, and would not wilfully grieve her, but you will do it many times carelessly, if you do not try to avoid it; therefore be careful at all times to do nothing she would not approve of. You, Melly, are the oldest, and the youngest ones will naturally look to you for example; be careful what examples you set before them, and always be kind to all, and watch over your brothers and sisters with a careful eye; in this way you can assist your mother very much. You are all very dear to me, and it would be one of the happiest moments of my life if I could see and converse with you a few moments this evening. That my Heavenly Father will grant me that privilege again, is my sincere prayer. Into His hands, my dear children, I commit you all. With many kisses, I remain your affectionate father, H. H. STONE.

REBEL FORCES IN VIRGINIA.

Col. Adler, who has recently escaped from Richmond, gives the following estimate of the rebel forces:—

	Men.
Under General Joe Johnson,	60,000
"Stonewall" Jackson,	45,000
Longstreet's Corps,	18,000
Gen. E. H. Hill,	16,000
Gen. A. P. Hill,	12,000
Gen. Ross, of Alabama,	8,000
Gen. Craig, of S. Carolina,	12,000
Gen. Huger's Division,	12,000
Independent Corps from Georgia, South and North Carolina, Alabama, &c.,	60,000
Infantry,	243,000
Cavalry, including Gen. Stuart's command of 4,200 men,	30,000
Total,	303,000

Of artillery the force is not specially mentioned, but 150 pieces were sent with "Stonewall" Jackson alone, and the entire parks are not less in total than 400.

The cavalry is accompanied by eighteen and twenty-four pounders, and the most of entire amount of artillery consists of field-pieces, very many of them rifled and of the most modern pattern.

General Ewell's Corps alone amounts to 38,000 men, apart from Jackson's, but it is thrown in as a part of Jackson's force, although Colonel Adler gives it its full value. He states that fifty seven fine pieces of ordnance were left behind by General McClellan on the Chickahominy, and all of these have been made available. The army, then, immediately in front of and on the flanks of General Pope, extending from the line of Gordonsville toward Leesburg, is fully 200,000 men. Colonel Adler elicited expressions of much surprise when he made the same statement to the highest military authorities at Washington; but he insists upon its truth, and says that any less calculation will entail most serious disaster.

The rebels are making a determined push on Maryland, and their plans thus far have met with even more success than they anticipated.

POINDEXTER, the notorious leader of guerilla bands in Missouri, was caught recently, twenty miles from Hudson, on the Hannibal and Missouri Railroad, while he was asleep in a house. He has been condemned as a spy, and will suffer death.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE NEW YORK MILITIA REGIMENTS.—The New York three months' militia regiments left Washington while the late battles were in progress, their term of service having expired. Since then a committee from these regiments have informed the Government that they will gladly return. Gen. Halleck replied:—"The New York militia regiments were requested to remain when the danger was more imminent than at present, but declined to do so. Under these circumstances they will not be recalled."

THE family of ex-President John Tyler, consisting of Mrs. Tyler and six small children, have left City Point, and are on their way North.

THE new overland mail route over the Cherokee trail is represented to be an excellent one. After the 10th inst. overland stages will pass daily through Denver City.

THE NEW SCALE OF PAY FOR NAVAL OFFICERS.—Under the new law of Congress the pay of officers of our navy is as follows:—Admirals, $2,000; Commodores, 1,800; Captains, $1,600; Commanders, $1,400; Lieutenant-Commanders, $1,200; Lieutenants, $1,000; Masters, $800; Ensigns, $500. Those rates of pay are exclusive of rations, which are furnished to each officer. Some are allowed several rations—rations for servants; others, such as masters and ensigns, are allowed only one. If officers do not draw their allowance they can get commutation money instead.

A POINT OF REVOLUTIONARY INTEREST.—Raccoon Ford, where the Confederate forces under Jackson crossed the Rapidan, for their advance on Pope and Banks, was already distinguished in our military history. It is the point where Wayne, with his reinforcements for Lafayette, succeeded in crossing the Rapidan southward, and thus foiled Cornwallis, who had advanced in that direction with the hope of preventing this combination. Raccoon Ford was, on this account, for some days in 1781, a point of anxious interest in the Revolutionary history.

THE whole number of killed and wounded in the recent battles up to the present time does not exceed 11,000. In the first battle on Friday, at Bull Run, the loss on the Union side did not exceed 4,000, although General Pope announced it at 8,000. What the loss of the enemy has been, or whether any of their prominent officers have suffered, is not known. It is, however, believed to be equal if not greater than ours.

BRIGADIER GEN. SHERMAN has been ordered to report, without delay, to Major General Butler, at New Orleans. He probably takes the place of Gen. Phelps, resigned.

GEN. KEARNEY'S DEATH.—Gen. Kearney, while making a reconnoissance alone on Monday night, was fired at from a ravine, and instantly killed. The ball struck in the hip, and passed into the abdomen. His body was sent into our lines yesterday under a flag of truce, by Gen. Lee, and arrived here this evening in charge of Major Birney. It will be embalmed, and sent to his home. Army officers here think this the greatest loss we have sustained during the war, and freely acknowledge that we had no abler General in the service. General McClellan wept bitterly at the sight of his dead body here last night.

COMMITTED SUICIDE BECAUSE HE COULD NOT ENLIST.—The Elyria (Ohio) Democrat gives the particulars of a suicide that will become memorable in the future. Two sons of Leonard Johnson, not far from Elyria, had enlisted, and still another, John, seventeen years of age, desired to do so. He was told that it was his duty to stay with his father. He still desired to go, saying he would be lonesome with his brothers all away. On Saturday last his father and his elder brother attended a war meeting at Amherst. On their return, John was found in the barn hanging by the neck—dead.

GEN. MCCLELLAN has been given the command of all the troops for the defence of the capital, which now includes pretty much all the troops in Virginia.

AMONG the gunboats on the Potomac, near Washington, are the following, in addition to the flag ship Wachusett:—Jacob Bell, Yankee, Port Royal, Sonoma, Aroostook, Tioga and Teazer. The Despatch, Satellite, and others, are in the river, and may shortly be expected up.

GENERAL STONE is to be seen daily now promenading Pennsylvania avenue, at Washington, in full uniform. He is always alone, and no one seems to know him, or, at least, no one notices him. We cannot learn that any trial has been ordered for him, or that he has been unconditionally released.

THE enemy, it is said, have a corps of unarmed men whose duty it is to bear off their dead and wounded as fast as they fall, or as soon as their removal can be effected.

THE number of men so far received in this state under the new requisitions, and mostly in service, is 30,837. Our quota is about 80,000.

GENERALS Kearney and Stevens were killed in a severe engagement which took place on the 1st, near Chantilly, about ten miles north of Fairfax Court House, between a portion of Gen. Pope's army and Jackson's forces.

A NEW ELDORADO.—The Commissioner of Public Lands considers the new gold region in Washington Territory little less valuable than California. It is held that all the country from the Colorado to and into British America, and from the Pacific Ocean across the Sierra Nevada to the Rocky Mountains, is rich in auriferous minerals. The drift is southward, leaving the gold and other metals near the surface, as far north as the British possessions. There were eight feet of snow in April, and therefore the ground cannot long be bare in that region.

MODEST.—A bill has been introduced into the rebel Congress, declaring Kansas to be within the limits of the Southern Confederacy.

AN enterprising tanner in Charleston has discovered that the common myrtle, growing abundantly in the South, can be made to tan soft and pliable leather. It is the candleberry myrtle (myrica cordera) He has received a patent for the discovery. The leaves and branches are used, for which he pays fifteen dollars per ton. Its tanning powers are said to contain not less than fifteen per cent.

THERE was not a particle of truth in the rumor, telegraphed here from New York last week, that the New York Tribune had been suppressed for impugning the fidelity of Gen. McClellan to his high trust. "The story was cut from the whole cloth."

ROBBING A BRIDE OF HER BED.—The St. Louis Democrat has the following:

"At Layer's boarding-house, in this city, an unusually merry wedding came off on Tuesday night, and the dance was prolonged till one o'clock in the morning. The bride and groom then repaired to their apartment, but—*horrible view*—the bed and bedding had been sacrilegiously stolen from the nuptial chamber! Some vindictive wretch had gained felonious ingress at the rear, and effected a robbery unparalleled in the history of matrimony. It is conjectured that no hell a vengeance could only have been devised and executed by some disappointed lover of the the bride.

"Lives there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
The scamp who stole the bridal bed
Deserves to die and live unwed,
With maidens old to punch his head!"

AWFUL STATE OF AFFAIRS IN NORFOLK—PAYING THE NEGROES WAGES, &c.

From the Richmond (rebel) Dispatch.

A private letter recently received in Petersburg from a lady in Norfolk has been published. We copy the following interesting extracts:—

Poor, unfortunate Norfolk! Would that the torch had been applied to every dwelling here, and the city laid waste. Better, far better, to have been a scene of desolation than the stage on which such humiliating scenes are daily enacted. I sincerely hope, if the rulers find it necessary to evacuate more cities, they will not leave one stone standing upon another. Let the vandal foe find nothing but wide-spread desolation. It will not only show our determined and self sacrificing spirit, but will discourage them.

You remember when I left Petersburg, you told me I was coming where luxuries were abundant and goods cheap. Never was there a greater mistake. To be sure, some articles are rather more plentiful and a little cheaper, but the discount on our money is very heavy. Goods are not allowed to be brought here now, and we are as much blockaded as ever we were. At first they allowed a few goods to come through Yankee cutlers, but now that is forbidden. None of our dry goods merchants have replenished their stocks, and very few persons encourage the Yankee stores. Calico is forty cents a yard, very inferior bleached cotton the same, and scarce at that. Brown sugar to-day is thirty cents per pound, and butter forty cents. Taking into consideration the scarcity of money, you see we are very little better off than before the evacuation. Then everything was high, but money never was so plentiful; now everything is still high, and money never was so scarce.

Gen. Viele has issued an order prohibiting traders from selling more than one pound of tea and a half bushel of salt at any one time. At first this order was incomprehensible to us, and even now the only reason we can allege is, they found out we were sending it surreptitiously to our friends in the army, so they thought they would put it out of our reach.

To-day, I learn they are fitting up Fort Norfolk as a prison, and are going to erect accommodations for two thousand prisoners. They intend to make every man take the oath or imprison him there. I will never take the oath and very few of our citizens will. They are still firm in their cherished principles and will never relinquish them. Subjugated for awhile, but not subdued! Oh! when will the day of our deliverance come?

But the crowning act is the emancipation of the negroes here. Every negro man, woman and child is as free as you or I. Much more so, for they are insured protection, which is denied us, and granted more liberties. If half a dozen gentlemen assemble in the street to talk, they are dispersed by the guard, but the negroes can assemble by scores and hundreds without molestation. Some few remain with their owners yet, but will probably leave soon. The streets are lined with them. They are trying to get homes, to receive their own wages, but I hope none of our citizens will encourage them. Several have been to me, knowing that I was in want of a nurse; but I invariably drive them off, telling them I am determined not to hire a runaway negro. I have been doing all my housework for some time, and have to walk my baby on the pavement morning and afternoon, and I am almost broken down, yet I will endure all that, and more too, before I will hire one of them. My cook is still with me, but more good-for-nothing than ever, and as surly as she can be, and I expect nothing less than to rise some morning and find that I shall have to cook my own breakfast.

That has been the case with hundreds. I could fill a sheet of paper with incidents which have occurred here that would make your blood boil. And we have no means of redress, let the negroes say and do as they please. The authorities only laugh at us and tell us we brought it all on ourselves. Some owners are actually paying their servants wages. Is it not outrageous? And how can we endure it? The authorities boldly acknowledge that they know no distinction of color; and the Governor is General Viele, whom the Norfolk ladies were so infatuated with. So kind, so polite, so lenient. Better say shrewd and cunning, like the rest of the Yankees and their master Beelzebub and his mate Seward. They have a gang of negroes, provided with brooms, shovels and hoes, who go through the farce of cleaning the streets, and who are regularly drilled every afternoon, using their utensils in place of guns.—And the Northern people, as a general thing, seem utterly ignorant of the state of affairs here. It has never been alluded to in their papers. I believe it is done to bring us into measures; but we will be stubborn to the last. They are taking possession of all the rebel property as they need it.

The gentleman who has been occupying Dr. William Selden's elegant mansion, to take care of it in Dr. Selden's absence, has been ordered by General Viele to vacate it, as he wishes it for his head-quarters. They say this is only the beginning of what they intend to do.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The London Morning Herald denounces the continued violations of the laws of nations by the United States Navy, and complains of Earl Russell's apathy.

It is announced that the marriage of the Prince of Wales with the Princess Alexandrina of Denmark, will take place next spring.

The new fortification works at Plymouth had been carried away by the sea. (This shows the fatality of Britain's boast that she "rules the waves.")

Garibaldi and a portion of his followers got away from Catania, in two steamers, on the 25th of August, and landed at Mileto, in Calabria.

The naval commanders off Catania had been arrested for permitting their departure.

The Royal authorities re-entered Catania, and captured eight hundred Garibaldians.

The Neapolitan provinces were declared to be in a state of siege.

Gen. De la Marmora has been appointed Extraordinary Commissioner to Naples, and Gen. Cialdini had gone to Sicily in a similar capacity.

There was great excitement in Calabria. Several towns had pronounced in favor of Garibaldi.

Minister Ricasoli has gone to London to confer with Earl Russell.

Garibaldi having issued a proclamation inciting the Hungarians to rebellion, General Klapka has issued a counter proclamation declaring the time and method inopportune.

The Monitour, in a paragraph, said to be from the Imperial hand, relative to Rome, says:—

"In view of the insolent threats and possible consequences of the demagogic insurrection, it is the duty of the French government, and its military honor obliges it more than ever to defend the Holy Father. The world must be well aware that France does not abandon those whom, when in danger, she extends her protection."

It was reported that preparations, both naval and military, were being made by France, in view of the Italian eventualities.

The Paris Bourse was declining, the Rentes closing on the 27th at 68f. 60c.

THE FOREIGN HARVESTS.

As we are now reasonably sure of a large surplus of breadstuffs in this country, an important question is, whether our surplus will find a foreign market. The editor of the American Agriculturist has just returned from a trip through Great Britain, France, parts of Germany and Belgium, and reports:

I found the wheat harvest in progress on the Continent. From what I saw, and from the statement of many farmers, I judge the yield to be below the average. The large area will in part make up the deficiency, but not wholly. In Great Britain the weather continued very wet up to the 24th of July, when a change occurred, and from that up to the 4th of August the wheat crop continued to improve rapidly. But at the best, the damage to the growth by the wet weather all through the early summer cannot be repaired. It is morally certain, therefore, that Great Britain will require a considerable amount of breadstuffs from abroad. Much of this could probably be obtained from the Continent at some figure, but not at the prices for which it can be furnished by the United States. My present opinion is, that our own surplus grain (unless unprecedently large) will mostly be taken at prices which will yield a fair remuneration to American farmers; but that very high prices can be hardly looked for. The present premium on gold is decidedly advantageous to the American grain markets. A gold "sovereign" counts at $5 50 in the purchase of grain in America; in Russia and Central Europe it counts only as $4,75 or $4,80.

THE report that Gen. Curtis has been superseded as commander of the Army of the South-West, except for a short time, at his own request, to recover his health, is incorrect. We have authority for stating that he has never been reprimanded by the War Department, and are authorized to make this statement.—*St. Louis Democrat.*

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market is steady, with a limited demand at previous quotations; the sales of Flour reach some 8000 bbls, in lots, at $5@5,25 for superfine, the latter for good Lancaster county, $5,37½@5,50 for extras, and $5,70 @6,25 for extra family, the latter for selected brands, and 1500 bbls Brandywine on terms kept private. The receipts and stocks are light, with small sales to the trade at the above figures, and fancy brands at $6,50@7 ₱ bbl, as in quality. Rye Flour comes in slowly, and sells at $3,50@3,62½ ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is but little inquired for, and dull at previous quotations, with sales of 700 bbls Penna at $3,12½ ₱ bbl, and 800 bbls Brandywine on terms kept private.

GRAIN—There has been a good demand for Wheat, mostly for shipment, with sales of 60,000 bus at $1,10@1.15 for inferior; $1,27@1,30 for fair to prime Penna and Western reds in the cars; $1,30@1,31 for Penna do, afloat; $1,32@1,34 for Southern do, the latter for choice, and from $1,33@1,53 for common and choice white. Rye is unsettled and lower, with small receipts and sales of new at 70@75c, and 78@78c for old Penna. Corn is better and very scarce, with sales of about 25,000 bus at 67@70c for fair to prime Penna and Southern yellow in store and afloat, and 65@67c for Western mixed in store. Oats are in steady demand at fully former figures, and about 22,000 bus, mostly new Southern, sold at 35@35c, the latter afloat. Old Oats are scarce and worth 58@60c. Barley and Malt remain inactive, and 4000 bus of the latter sold on terms kept private.

PROVISIONS—There is very little doing in barreled Meat. Mess Pork is taken in a small way at $12@12½, and Mess Beef at $12@15 ₱ bbl, the latter for city packed. Bacon is in good demand and scarce, with further sales of Hams at 9@10c for plain and 10½@11½c for fancy cured. Shoulders are selling at 5½@6c, and Sides 4½@6c. Of green Meats the stock is very much reduced and prices on the advance, with sales of Hams in salt at 7@7½c, and Shoulders at 5@5½c; Sides are worth 5½@5¾c. Lard is firmly held at 9¾c for Western in bbls and tcs, and 9¾@10c in kegs, and the stocks and sales light. Butter is steady at 10@11c for packed and 12@14c for good and choice dairy. Cheese continues scarce at 8@9c ₱ lb. Eggs are selling at 12@12½c ₱ doz.

COTTON—The late foreign news caused a further considerable advance in the staple. Sales comprise some 450 bales, in small lots, at from 46 to 54c, cash, for ordinary to good middlings, including about 100 bags seed Cotton at 25c ₱ lb.

ASHES continue firm and the sales limited at quotations.

BARK is unsettled and less active, with sales of 60@70 hhds 1st No 1 Quercitron at $32½@32 ₱ ton. In tanners' bark there is no change, and Spanish oak is selling at $14@15 ₱ cord.

BEESWAX continues scarce, and good yellow is quoted at 30@37c ₱ lb.

COAL—There is not so much doing at the late advance, but holders are firm in their demands. Schuylkill White Ash Lump ₱ ton, $4,30@4,90; Prepared do $4,80@4,90; Red Ash do $5; Lehigh Lump do $5; Prepared do $5; by retail do $5,75@6; Schuylkill Prepared do, $5,75.

COFFEE—The market is very quiet and the stock light, with a small business only to note at previous rates, including about 1500 bags, mostly Rio, at 22@22¼c, and Laguayra at 23@23¼c, cash and time; the arrivals continue small.

COPPER is dull, and the sales of sheathing mostly confined to yellow metal at 23c, on time.

FEATHERS move off slowly, and command 38@40c ₱ lb.

FRUIT is plenty. Peaches sell at 50@75c, and Apples at 15 @30c ₱ basket.

HAY is better, good Timothy selling at 70@80c the 100 lbs.

HEMP—There is no alteration in the market. About 70 bales undressed Western sold at equal to $90 ₱ ton.

HOPS are quiet, with a small business doing at 18@22c ₱ lb for Eastern and Western. There have been no arrivals of the new crop here as yet.

IRON—The market is unchanged, and about 2500 tons Anthracite have been disposed of at $25 for No 1 and $22 for Forge, mostly of the latter, on time. For manufactured the demand is steady and prices firm.

LEAD is firm, with but little offering or selling; the last sale of Galena was at 7c, cash.

LUMBER is steady, with further sales of White at $14@16, and Yellow Sap Boards at $15 @18 ₱ M. Laths are unchanged and Cooperage stuff firm.

MOLASSES is inactive and prices about the same; a few small lots of Cuba only having been disposed of at 29@30c, on time.

PLASTER—There is but little offering, and sold is steady at $2¾ ₱ ton.

RICE—There is very little stock here, and the market is quiet at 6¼@6¾c for East India.

SEEDS—There is very little Cloverseed here, and we quote it nominally at about $5 ₱ bush. Timothy is in demand at $1¾@1¾, but some holders ask more, and there is not much selling. Flaxseed comes in slowly, and commands $1,85 @1,90 ₱ bush.

SPIRITS—Foreign is firm but quiet, and the sales of Brandy and Gin limited. N. E. Rum is held at 45@47c. Whiskey has advanced but closed dull, large sales of bbls having been made at 32@33c, and Drudge at 30@32c.

SUGAR—The market is dull, with but little selling either to the trade or for refining, and 600 hhds sold at 8¼@8¾c for Cuba, on time, including 310 hhds and 110 bbls New Orleans, by auction, at 8¼@10¼c, cash.

TALLOW is inactive. Country is selling at 9½c, and city at 10¼c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO—Manufactured continues scarce and high and the sales small. Of Leaf, the sales are also light and the market firm.

WOOL—Holders are very firm in their views. About 300,000 lbs have been disposed of at 70@72½c for the low and medium grades, and 67@ 69c for fine fleece, cash.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1776 head. The prices realized were from 6¼ to 8½ cts ₱ lb. 90 Cows brought from $18 to 35 ₱ head. 5300 Sheep were sold at from $2,50 to 4,50 ₱ head. 430 Hogs brought from $5,00 to 5,25 ₱ cwt. net.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth St., Pittsburg.
JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEORGE N. LEWIS, 98 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Illinois.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

GOV. CURTIS'S PROCLAMATION.—Governor Curtin last week issued a proclamation earnestly recommending the immediate formation, throughout the Commonwealth, of volunteer companies and regiments, in conformity with the militia act of 1858. Arms will be distributed to the organizations so to be formed, agreeably to the provisions of that act. He further recommends that, in order to give due opportunities for drill and instruction, all places of business be closed daily at 3 o'clock P. M., so that persons employed therein may, after that hour, be at liberty to attend to their military duties.

GEN. MITCHELL has been appointed to succeed Gen. Hunter in South Carolina, and has left for Hilton Head.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At St. Peter's Church, on the 24 instant, by the Right Rev. Wm. H. Odenheimer, D. D., D. LEEDS MILLER, to ELIZA P. daughter of Robert Huddell.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. CHARLES F. BLIGHT, to Miss SALLIE HANCOCKS, daughter of the late Wm. Hancocks, both of this city.

On the 28th of Aug., 1862, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. ROBERT PITTS, to Miss ELIZABETH HAWKINS, both of this city.

On the 4th ultimo, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. CHARLES C. JONES, to Miss MARY A. GRICE.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM RIFFERT, to Miss MARIA SCHRIVER, both of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. N. B. Baldwin, Mr. GEORGE W. SPENCER, to Miss ANNA E. SMITH, both of this city.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. SAMUEL J. HAISLETT, to Miss HELEN EVANS, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Susquehanna Depot, Penna., Sept. 3, WILLIAM N. W GREEN, son of John B. Green, formerly of Philada., aged 13 months and 5 days.

Of wounds received in the battle near Manassas, on the 30th ultimo, Capt. H. CLAY BEATTY.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. MARGARET ELLIOT, late of Scotland, in her 84th year.

On the 1st instant, JEANNIE M. W. youngest daughter of the late Dr. W. and Mrs. Mary W. Ramsey.

At his residence, on the 2d instant, at Abington, Montgomery county, Rev. ROBERT STEEL, D. D. in his 69th year.

On the 2d instant, ELLEN BARRETT, daughter of Mrs. Barrett, aged 18 years.

On the 2d instant, ELIZABETH, wife of John Dorton, in her 51st year.

On the 1st instant, THEOPHILUS FITLER, in his 45th year.

On the 1st instant, ANN ELIZA, wife of Samuel Hamilton, in her 27th year.

On the 31st ultimo, SAMUEL HAMILTON, aged 63 years.

On the 31st ultimo, MARY HARMAN, in her 84th year.

On the 28th ultimo, JOHN BROOK, in his 71st year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, September 6, 1862.

Alabama	80 dis.	Missouri	3 dis.
Canada	¼ par	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	1 dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	par	New Hampshire	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia	¼ dis.	New Jersey par to	¼ dis.
Florida	— dis.	N. York City	¼ dis.
Georgia	80 dis.	New York State	¼ dis.
Illinois	¾ dis.	North Carolina	80 dis.
Indiana	¼ to ½ dis.	Nova Scotia	10 dis.
Iowa	1 dis.	Ohio	¼ dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania par to	¼ dis.
Kentucky	2 dis.	Rhode Island	¼ dis.
Louisiana	60 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	¼ dis.	Tennessee	80 dis.
Mary'nd	¼ to ¼ dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	¼ dis.	Vermont	¼ dis.
Michigan	1½ dis.	Virginia	45 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	2 dis.
Mississippi	—		

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3.—From ear to ear over the top.	3.—Over forehead as far as required.
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nov6-cowly

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aug16-cow3t

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NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq
ap18-tf Bedford, Kings Co., N. Y.

Wit and Humor.

INTERESTING TO WIVES AT WATERING PLACES.

The following extracts from a letter, which we find in the New York Express, illustrate some of the little inconveniences of leaving a house in town to enjoy the air and festivities of a watering place:—

NEW YORK CITY, Aug. 12.

My Dear Wife:—It was hard to leave you, the grass, the trees, and the babies, and above all, the belles of Newport, as it was jolly to be idle, and eat, and smoke, and chatter, and tipple a little. It was hard indeed to leave all these, and the walks, the drives; but, nevertheless it is lucky I came home—as home was about being turned inside out, by Biddy and her friends, who were having the grandest time. Every good fellow in the country around was living upon us. Your grocer's book, that you left, *carte blanche*, was pretty well filled up; ditto, the butcher's book. Biddy was rigged out in all your left-off finery. Keys had been fitted to your bureaus—and the best, not taken with you, had all been brought forth. Your nicely worked petticoats were in full use. What laces Biddy could not use were turned over to Sally. Your jewelry was on Biddy's and Sally's arms and fingers. Even your *rouge pot* was drawn out and stuck on the cheeks of Biddy and her *she*-friends. I came, just in the nick of time, to catch all in a full blaze of glory—your parlors all lighted, and a German pianist in full swing, playing for Biddy, and Sally, and Tom, and Jerry, to caper and dance over your Tapestry and Aubesson.

And now, dear wife, this is about all the news, and so I will close, after telling you about the house and "the things" in it. The rascally Croton water has broken away, and run into your *salon*, destroying all your frescoed ceiling, and ruining, I fear your Aubesson carpet. The cockroaches are all over the house. I live with them and on them, I fear, and sleep with them, too. The rats have become as saucy as so many demons, and the mice are million. The moths have absolutely eaten up everything, or about everything, wollens, furs, &c., so that all now seem riddled. The flies have littered all your picture frames, the mirrors, &c., &c., and they are about as black as spades. But never mind, be as happy in Newport as you can, for there is enough of everything where these came from. Adieu.

YOUR EVER LOVING HUSBAND.

SHUT YOUR MOUTH.

I heard an anecdote of Jarvis, the witty portrait painter, mentioned so favorably in the late "Life and Letters of Washington Irving," which I think worth perpetuating. So writes "S. C.," and this is his anecdote:—

Jarvis was painting Bishop Moore, of Virginia, and while he was sitting to that distinguished artist, the venerable prelate observed—

"Mr. Jarvis, I am told that you are not a believer in the Christian religion, and I am very sorry to hear it."

Jarvis, with his eyes partly closed, as was his habit while painting, made a motion with the brush in hand for the bishop to change his attitude, and said—

"Turn your head a little the other way, bishop, and shut your mouth."

"The thought never struck me," said the bishop to a friend soon after, "until I left the studio, that Jarvis took this method to turn the conversation, and put an end to my homily. I could not help laughing at the ruse all the way home."

WHAT AILS HIS LEG?

We have in our village an Æsculapian, who astonishes the natives (at least so he seems to think) by using what we common people call big words, when informing any one who may inquire what ails this or that patient. Mr. S——, a resident of the place, fell, the other day, and injured one of his legs. He suffered exceedingly for two or three days.

The inquiry was frequently made, "What ails Mr. S——'s leg?" Our big-worded friend was sent for. On his return home, Mr. A—— makes the inquiry, "What ails Mr. S——'s leg?" Our friend takes of his hat, thrusts his fingers into his foretop, and says—

"There appears to be a severance of the trochantes, near the capsula, and this, together with a powerful contraction of the muscles, it being in an oblique direction, causes the passing by of the severed trochantes."

"Yes," says A——, "but what ails his leg?"

TRUE PITH.—A respectable farmer, not forty miles from this place, has the singularly happy talent of not saying a word too much. A young man wishing to obtain his consent to marry his daughter, called upon him one day when he happened to be in the field ploughing with his oxen. It was, past all doubt, a fearful matter for a diffident man to broach, and the hesitating lover, after running parallel with the furrow several times round the field, and essaying with all his courage to utter the important question, at last stammered out—"I—I—I—I've been thinking, Mr. ——, that—that—that—that—as how—I—I—I should be gl—gl—gl—glad to—m—m—m—mar—mar—mar marry your daughter."

Farmer—"Take her and use her well, whoa haw buck."

☞ A person in company speaking of a gentleman not remarkable for his suavity, said he did not like his manners. "His manners!" cried a lady. "I never knew that he had any."

TURNING THE TABLES; OR, A LITTLE SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

HENRIETTA (who is joking, of course).—"I've been thinking, dear Charles, that, as you require change, it would be so nice for you to go down with the children to some quiet place in the country, while I and Mrs. Fred Spanker go to Saratoga for a few weeks—eh?—"

[*This last being just what the wretch* Charles *has been proposing to himself and* Fred Spanker.]

RECIPES FOR THE MILLION.

For the especial satisfaction and general gratification of woman-kind and certain old grannies called men, we give a few recipes of our own concoction, which are warranted:—

TO MAKE SEPOY DUMPLINGS.—These nutricious articles are easily made. Take a clay pipe—dash up some soap-suds in a basin, and blow a dozen bubbles—doughnut size—take each bubble, slice it in half, and stuff it with corn meal; then close the halves and place them in the oven for ten minutes. Great care should be observed in handling the bubbles. They might burst.

CLAM SOUP FOR INVALIDS.—Boil two clam shells in three quarts of water, one hour—skim, thicken with sawdust—stir with a plug of dog-leg tobacco; flavor with gin. A little more water might be added, to weaken it.

BUTTER CAKES.—Half a drachm of boarding house butter; seven pounds of flour; a little turpentine to take the strength out of the butter—water, mix, then bake in a cold oven. These cakes, if properly made, are delicious.

MUTTON PIE.—Four inches of sheepskin, with the wool on, and crusts of sheet-iron. Especially designed for young men who expect all the comforts of a home at the rate of twenty shillings a week, including night-key and washing.

TO CURE A FELON.—Hang it on the nearest lamp-post.

TO CURE THE DYSPEPSIA.—Put half a gallon of water into a wooden pail, then procure ten grains of arsenic. Swallow the arsenic and begin drinking the water. The dyspepsia will disappear in one hour, and we are happy to say—the patient also.—*New York Monitor.*

LONGITUDINAL RIVERS.—A river that runs east or west crosses no parallels of latitude, consequently, as it flows towards the sea, it does not change its climate, and, being in the same climate, the crops that are cultivated at its mouth are grown also at its sources, and from one end to the other of it there is no variety of productions: it is all wheat and corn, or wine, or oil, or some other staple. Assorted cargoes, therefore, cannot be made up from the produce which such a river brings down to market. On the other hand a river that runs north or south crosses parallels of latitude, changes its climate at every turn; and as the traveller descends it, he sees new agricultural staples abounding. Such a river bears down to the sea a variety of productions, some of which some one or another of the different nations of the earth is sure to want, and for which each one will send to the market at its mouth, or the port whence they are distributed over the world. The assortments of merchandise afforded by such a river are the life of commerce. They give it energy, activity, and scope. Such a river is the Mississippi, and the Mississippi is the only such river in the world.

HOW SNAILS MAKE LOVE.—Blackwood's Magazine, in giving an account of the different kinds of snail found in England, mentions one that has a curious spring door inside the opening of her shell, which she can shut in a moment when alarmed by the approach of a centipede or vagrant ant—both shell and door forming a piece of spiral mechanism which Archimedes might have studied with delight, had there been any conchologists in his days. This snail, too, has a way of making love which shows it to have doubtless been the origin of the arrows of Cupid. The male is a pattern lover. He will spend ten hours at a time—a good deal out of his short life of seven or eight years—in the most quiet but devoted attention to the object of his affections; caressing her occasionally with those pretty little horns, of which no one seems to know whether they are eyes, or ears, or hands. They are furnished, too, with crystalline darts, which they shoot at each other after preliminary coquettings. These curious love weapons have been observed sticking in the bodies of snails after such conflicts. They are contained in a special pouch or receptacle ready for use, and resemble the ancient arrows of Cupid.

THE BEAR AT SCHOOL.

The private journal of a traveller lately returned from North America to Paris, contains the following story:—In New Hampshire, on the northern borders of the United States, a peculiar species of bear is found, black in color, small in size and in general of a peaceable disposition. These animals live on wild honey and fruits, and never attack man, or the lesser animals, excepting when pressed by hunger in the very severe winters. On one occasion, some years ago, a boy found a very young bear pup near Lake Winnipeg, and carried it home with him. It was fed and brought up about the house of the boy's father, and became as tame as a dog. Every day its youthful captor had to go to school at some distance, and by degrees, the bear became his constant companion. At first the other scholars were shy of the creature's acquaintance, but ere long it became their regular playfellow, and they delighted in sharing their little store of provisions which they brought for their day's sustenance, in small bags. After two years of civilization, however, the bear wandered to the woods, and did not return. Search was made for him, but in vain.

Four succeeding years passed away and in the interval changes had occurred about the school alluded to. An old dame had succeeded to the ancient master, and a new generation of pupils had taken the place of the former. One very cold winter's day, while the schoolmistress was busy with her humble lessons, a boy chanced to leave the door open on his entrance, and suddenly a large bear walked in. The consternation of the old dame and her boys and girls was unspeakable. Both schoolmistress and pupils would fain have been "abroad," but the bear was in the path, and all that could be done was to fly as fast as possible behind the tables and benches.

But the bear troubled nobody. He walked quietly up to the fire-place, and warmed himself, exhibiting much satisfaction in his countenance during the process.

He remained thus about a quarter of an hour, and then walked up to the wall where the provender bags and baskets of the pupils were suspended. Standing on his hind feet, he then took hold of these successively, put his paws into them, and made free with the bread, fruit, and other eatables there contained. He next tried the schoolmistress's desk, where some little provisions usually were; but finding it firmly shut he went up again to the fire; and, after a few minute's stay before it, he walked himself finally out by the way he came.

As soon as the schoolmistress and her pupils had courage to move, the alarm was given to the neighbors. Several young men immediately started after the bear, and as the track was perfectly visible in the snow, they soon came up with it, and killed it. Then it was, that by certain marks upon its skin, some of its pursuers recognized in the poor bear no enemy, but an old friend of their own recent school-days. Great regret was felt for the death of the harmless creature. It was like killing a human friend rather than a wild animal.—*French Paper.*

GEOLOGICAL WONDER.—About thirty years ago somebody made the discovery that the ice fields of Siberia contained immense numbers of fossils of elephants and mastodons. Where they came from, or how they got there, is a problem, which perhaps may never be solved; their existence, however, was no chimera, and as ivory is one of the most valuable commodities of trade in all nations, some utilitarian Englishman conceived the idea of turning these vestiges of a former epoch to profitable account. Accordingly, about the year 1835, Thompson, Bonner & Co., a rich London firm, fitted out an expedition to seek for ivory in the Siberian ice. Novel and incredible as it seemed, the expedition was crowned with complete success. The ships returned to England richly laden with the choicest ivory; and even to the present time, although the world knows little about it, the ivory market is mainly supplied from the ice fields of Siberia.

☞ In England, at present, (so writes a correspondent from the World's Fair in London,) hair dye is not used, but gray hair is preferred, and thousands of young men powder their hair to make it appear gray. Ladies with gray and white hair take especial pains to display it.

☞ Falling in love is like falling into a river; 'tis much easier getting in than out.

☞ Connecting links between man and beast. A pair of reins.

Useful Receipts.

TO CANDY FRUITS.—Take one pound of the best loaf sugar; dip each lump into a bowl of water, and put the sugar into your preserving kettle. Boil it down and skim it until perfectly clear, and in a candying state. When sufficiently boiled, have ready the fruits you wish to preserve. Large white grapes, oranges separated into small pieces, or preserved fruits, taken out of their syrup and dried, are very nice. Dip the fruits into the prepared sugar while it is hot; put them in a cold place; they soon become hard.—*American Agriculturist.*

TO REMOVE SMARTING FROM SUNBURN.—Pour boiling water over fresh sage, and bathe the parts with the tea.

HOW TO MAKE ELDERBERRY WINE.—The berries, when ripe, are picked by the stems, then stripped with the hands, or trimmed with shears. Next they are mashed fine, which can be done by means of a pounder, similar to those used for pounding clothes. Let them remain until the next day, when the juice is pressed out in a cheese press, or any other convenient way. Next, boil the juice twenty minutes; skim it, and add four pounds of sugar to the gallon. When milk-warm add a small piece of bread-crust that has been dipped in yeast. Let it stand three days, remove the crust, and the wine is ready for bottling. Age improves it. Some add spices to the liquor when boiled. This is a favorite with the English.

KEEPING GRAPES.—Dining with a friend recently, we had the unusual luxury of a dessert of Catawba and Isabella grapes. Their mode of preservation being the theme, we learned that they were picked when perfectly dry and ripe, and packed carefully in bunches, in a box, between layers of cotton, and as much as possible excluded from the light and air. More recently a gentleman from Pennsylvania tells us that he has seen them successfully preserved till spring as follows: "Into the bottom of a small keg or nail-cask put a layer of grape-leaves fresh from the vines. On these carefully place a layer of sound, ripe, dry grapes, then leaves and grapes in alternate layers, till the keg is full. Head up the cask, and bury it in some well drained ground, below the depth of the frost." Like other things excluded from the light and air, they will change rapidly on exposure, and hence when a keg is opened, and they are found good, use them freely.

The *London Gardener's Chronicle* states that Mr. Thomson, of Dalkeith, adopted the following method of keeping grapes, with great success: In cutting the grapes he left the bunches attached to the branches that bore them; sharpened the points of the branches where they had been detached from the parent stem, and ran them a couple of inches into mangel wurzel roots. They were laid on the shelf of the fruit-room, and the grapes allowed to hang over the shelf, where they could be cut as required. They kept perfectly plump till the last bunch was consumed.

TOMATO MANGOES.—A kind of mango can be made of the very large tomatoes which remain green. Cut out with the stem enough of the tomato to permit the scooping out of the seeds, and then fill with chopped cabbage, chopped onions, with mustard seed and spices, or anything which is preferred. Secure the piece cut out, as you would in making melon mangoes, and then throw the tomatoes with your other pickles into the vinegar.—*American Agriculturist.*

Agricultural.

LATE PASTURING.

Some farmers keep their cattle out as late as possible in the fall, and even into winter. The pastures are gnawed very close, and even the after math of mowing fields, as if they never expected to get another crop of grass from them. This is very bad husbandry upon any land, and especially upon that recently seeded with herds-grass. This grass, as is well-known to all careful observers, has a bulbous root, and the fine roots that shoot out from the bottom are not as strong as the roots of most other grasses. It is, therefore, exceedingly liable to be torn out by the roots by grazing cattle, especially if the grass is short. In a close cropped meadow where this grass has been sown, nothing is more common than to see thousands of these dried bulbs lying upon the surface. We doubt the economy of grazing a herds-grass meadow at any time. But if done at all, it should not be cropped after the first of November in this latitude.

The roots of all the grasses are designed to be covered with their own leaves and stalks during the winter. These, and the snow, protect them from the alternate freezings and thawings, and bring them out in good condition in the spring. The farmer who undertakes to thwart the designs of Nature in this respect, will find it a very expensive business. The little that he saves in feed now, he loses next season in the diminished yield of the pasture or the meadow. We ought always to manage so as to have Nature working with us, instead of against us. This is one of the evils of overstocking farms. The farmer is afraid that he has not quite fodder enough for winter, so he pastures till the ground is frozen. He cuts less hay for the next season, and he is still more sorely tempted to pasture.

It is quite as bad for the cattle as it is for the land. If they have no fodder in the month of November, they lose, rather than gain upon pasture, unless it is much better than the average. Every animal ought to go into the stable in a thriving condition—if not fat, at least in full flesh. They are then easily kept thriving upon good hay, or upon hay and roots, straw and meal. After several years' close observation directed to this particular point, we do not think anything is gained by pasturing in this latitude, and north of it, after the first of this month. All the grasses must have time to cover their roots in order to make flush feed next season. Cattle foddered through a part of October, and brought to the stable about the first of November, in good flesh, are easily wintered. It is better management to buy hay or to sell stock, than to pinch the pastures by close feeding.—*American Agriculturist.*

BROWN BREAD.—The Comptes Rendus of the French Academy of Science of Paris, contains a very long paper, which is of some scientific and more practical interest, on the art of making bread. It appears that the bran of ground wheat contains an active principle of ferment, which has hitherto not been rightly understood by chemists, and to which the name of cerealine has now been given.

This ferment can, we are told in the paper before us, be neutralized by the application of glucose, employed in a peculiar way; and being neutralized, the greater part of the bran becomes transformed into good flour. In other words, what is called in France bread of the second quality, which the common people are obliged to eat on account of its cheapness, (though they do so with a certain degree of repugnance,) can be done away with, and bread equal to that of the first quality, which is consumed by the better classes, can, without increase of expense, be substituted for it.

Thus the new system seems to be of great utility, and it is desirable that our bakers should inquire into it. The bread produced is represented to be very palatable and wholesome. In the course of the experiments which the new plan necessitated, a curious chemical fact was discovered—namely, that the dark color of bread of the second quality is not caused, as has always been supposed, by the presence of bran in the flour, but by a peculiar fermentation of the flour.

TRAILING PLANT FOR A VASE.—The periwinkle, (often called myrtle, improperly,) will not answer well in your vase, exposed as that is to the sun, and where it will seldom get watered. Some persons use the verbena, petunia, lobelia gracillis, and even scarlet geraniums. But one of the simplest and prettiest things is the Moneywort, (*Lysimachia nummularia,*) which needs watering only once a week or ten days, and whose trailing habit is similar to that of the periwinkle.—For a symmetrical, classic vase, standing on a terrace or parapet, no plant is so suitable as the Century-plant. If you have a large, handsome vase, set on an appropriate pedestal, the upper rim of the vase just level with the eye of the spectator, put no plant in it. It is designed for a piece of sculpture, and should not be degraded into a flower-pot.—*American Agriculturist.*

PREPARING CHICORY FOR USE.—The American Agriculturist says:—Dig the roots with a potato-fork in the fall, before hard freezing; wash and scrape them, and split the larger roots lengthwise, and cut into pieces three inches long. Dry in a slow oven or heated room until there is no moisture, avoiding scorching. Pack in bags and hang in a dry room until wanted for use, when the roots are cut into smaller pieces and roasted and ground like other coffee. Mix one part of the chicory with three parts pure coffee.

HONEY.—Langstroth says now is the time to remove honey when the colonies are too full. Slice off the cells with a very sharp knife, and lay the combs over an open vessel in a warm place. The honey will drain out and the combs may be returned.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 1, 9, 3, is a color.
My 7, 13, 16, 3, is found in the body.
My 12, 2, 9, 3, 1, is the generic species of dog.
My 15, 6, 10, is a part of the human body.
My 12, 8, 1, 5, 13 13, 2, 5, is a species of plant having curious pods.
My 11, 9, 4, is an interjection.
My 9, 14, is a pronoun.
My 17, 2, 11, is a useful article in a household.

My whole will be easy to guess, as it is familiar to every civilized person,—it being the watchword of every patriot, as well as the renowned command of a celebrated man who is well known in history. E. C. P.

☞ An answer is requested.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 5 letters.
My 5, 1, 3, 4, signifies a wise man and an herb.
My 3, 1, 2, a small horse.
My 1, 2, 4, the decline of life.
My 1, 2, 4, 5, periods of time.
My 4, 2, 1, 3, the name of an author.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, the name of a female.

My whole is the Christian name of one of our most celebrated living authoresses.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 4 letters.
Transpose me, and my 1st is in space.
My 2nd is in mace.
My 3rd is in rice.
My 4th is in tice.
My whole is very precious. L.

REBUS.

A flower which you, no doubt, have seen (1),
A color neither blue nor green (2),
A kind of fruit (3), a beast of prey (4),
To steal, disclose, or take away (5);
A Jewish doctor next behold (6),
An herb in salads used, I'm told (7);
If you th' initials read, you'll find
A well known bird of ravenous kind (8).

CHARADE.

My first is myself in a very short word,
A puppet's my second, and you are my third.

ANAGRAMS OF FEMALE NAMES.

Hot, O, dear!	E. R., go again.
Lend mine.	O, bad I toes.
I ran mad.	Ten are hit.
Neat net.	Idle Cora.
O, a ship.	Bad line.
Ten eat on it.	Arch to let.
Hate nicer.	Real one.
Rage mart.	At harm.
Army.	

TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A certain field contains in area 5 acres and 124 perches. The first and second sides thereof measure together 91 perches; the third side, for some cause, cannot be measured by actual measurement—but a line commenced on this third side, 14 perches in from the angle above it, joins the first side, and carried on across the field to the angle where the first side joins the second side, is found to be 30 perches. From this it is presumed the length of each of the three sides can be found separately, and mathematicians are respectfully requested to furnish an answer.

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two travellers, A and B, start from the same place to go to the town of C, a journey of some distance. A starts 4 days before B, and goes 40 miles the first day, but slackened his speed every subsequent day by 2 miles from the distance that he had gone the day before. B, who sets out 4 days after A, travels the same road, travels the first day only 24 miles, but increases his speed every following day 2 miles more than what he had gone the day before. They both arrived at the same time at C. Required—the distance both travelled, and the time after B's departure they both arrived there? DELTA.

☞ An answer is requested.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A hawk saw a pigeon 280 yards due South from him, which started and flew due West, at the rate of 30 miles an hour; the hawk started at the same instant, and flew directly towards the pigeon continually, at the rate of 40 miles an hour. Required—the nature of the curve described by the hawk, and the distance each had flown when the pigeon was caught?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What letters of the alphabet drain parts of the south of England, South Wales, and North Wales? Ans.—X, Y, D. The Exe, the Wye and the Dee.

☞ When does a carver remind one of a fop? Ans.—When he parts his hare (hair) in the middle.

☞ Which letter is the choice of old ladies? Ans.—T (Tea).

☞ How would you express in one word having met a doctor of medicine? Ans.—Met-a-physician.

☞ Why is it unpleasant to have carrion near? Ans.—Because it makes an offal (awful) smell.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

ENIGMA.—Ulysses S. Grant. RIDDLE.—Shuttlecock. RIDDLE.—Peach (Cheap). ANAGRAMS OF MALE NAMES.—Charles, William, Thomas, Samuel, Jonathan, Michael, Ambrose, Brian, Bernard, Dennis, Evan, Ferdinand, Hubert, Leopold, Oliver, Stephen, Edwin.

☞ Punch's Almanac advises the farmers to sow their Ps, keep their Us warm, hive their Bs, shoot their Js, feed their 'Ns, look after their potatoes' Is, and then take their Es.